POEMS

FOR

EVERYBODY

BY

MILTON WINSLOW

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS3340
Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....
Shelf ..W63
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Winslow's Poems,

—: OR :—

: POEMS :

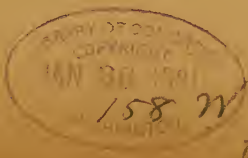
—: FOR :—

EVERYBODY.

—: BY: —

MILTON WINSLOW.

1890.
E. A. MORGAN, PRINTER,
FAIRMOUNT, IND.
Copyright Secured, 1891.



PS3340
.W63

INTRODUCTORY.

At the seventieth year of my life I offer this little work with no apology, except that in so doing I have followed the bent of my mind.

Never until recently have I had opportunity to gratify my inclinations.

A small portion of my Poems were written fifty years ago and indicate the bent of my mind amid the divers vicissitudes of a pioneer life. I feel sure it will be criticised and it should be; and even now I would make some changes if it were not too late.

MILTON WINSLOW.

My Book.

Some think my poems pretty good,
Especially the best of it;
'Twould be the proper thing to do
To pile and burn the rest of it.
Maybe that would do just as well,
If I would burn a host of it,
And yet, I am not ready now
To conflagrate the most of it.

And some declare it pretty thin;
Pray let me keep the thick of it,
And some are waiting every day
A chance to get the pick of it.
And some turn up their nose and say:
They would not have a slice of it;
But this may very much depend,
I think, upon the price of it.

And others find a fault and say:
They do not like the style of it,
And if they had a book, declare
They would not read a mile of it.
Let people say just what they please,
But this is just the thing of it,
I'm writing now because I can,
And mean to write a string of it.

Then let the critic smile and look,
Or cancel every word of it,
But men will read and praise the book,
Who never yet have head of it.

Made idleness a penal crime,
To thus avert the starving time.
The forest occupied the field,
To nothing but the ax would yield;
Their homes the savages forsake,
And axes followed in their wake.
Where then the giant poplar stood,
In queenly powess of the wood,
And then Potomac only knew,
Upon her breast the bark canoe;
Like some forbidding army stood,
The walnut and the cottonwood,
Full seven tribes of Andkims,
Some forty feet below the limbs,
Each one submitting to their fate,
At last they did capitulate.
While thousands daily have been slain,
We let a few of them remain;
But Pocakutus is no more,
John Smith is on the other shore,
No Endicot to bless or blame,
Or send the Quakers whence they came.
As time went on our fathers learned,
There are no witches to be burned,
And Woolman taught us none but knaves,
Would deal in such a think as slaves;
But this was left for Whittier's pen,
I need not write the thing again.
The brightness of our day has come,
Presaged by beating of the drum,
We had no fife to make us glad,
No time to play it if we had;
But O, the drum our fathers played,
By wielding well the axen blade,
Resounded by our fathers sires,
To make the early morning fires.
From morning dawn 'til noon of day,
We heard the sturdy drummers play.

Say, can our duty be complete,
Now that the thing is obsolete,
Or will our people be content,
To build the thing no monument;
Since gas has come, we wonder how
We done without it until now.
God bless the happy man that found,
The precious treasure underground;
It's better than a pound of pelf,
It gets into the stove itself.
Our axes have a market found,
And selling at a cent a pound.
No more we hear their daily peals,
But mould them into reaper wheels.
Give axes to the molten blast,
But not another cannon cast,
Give swords into the plower's share,
And spears into the pruner's care;
Let both the wolf and lamb abide,
Just as the Prophet prophesied,
And let the leopard and the kid,
Live like the Persian oxen did;
And let the calf be not afraid,
Tho' with it the young lion laid,
Submit the gentle and the wild,
To leading of a little child.
The Prophet saw a coming day,
And pointed us a better way;
The seer was looking on before,
To nations learning war no more.

Still There's More to Follow.

[Being overrun by a class of renegade preachers and almost driven from our pulpit by our undue lenity, we submit the following:

Preachers from the east and west,
Still there's more to follow;
Preachers of the worst and best,
Still there's more to follow;
Preachers from the north and south,
Still there's more to follow;
Preachers by the word of mouth,
Still there's more to follow.

CHORUS:—
More and more, more and more,
Still there's more to follow.

Preachers from the Baptist church,
Still there's more to follow;
Will not leave us in the lurch,
Still there's more to follow;
Preachers at the front of us,
Still there's more to follow;
Preachers on the hunt of us,
Still there's more to follow.

CHORUS:—

A Wish.

I wish I had a mine of wealth,
To help the hungry poor,
And could confer the bliss of health,
At every poor man's door.

ORACLE.

Well, if you had a mine of wealth
To lavish at your will,
Could you confer the bliss of health,
You'd find the pauper still.

If penury is at your door,
And she must needs come in,
A blessing waits the honest poor,
Who stand aloof from sin.

Some simpletons depend on luck,
Some think by chance to live,
But these are bastard children born;
Why should they take or give?

Affliction cometh not of dust,
Nor trouble from the ground.
A treasure free from moth and rust,
By seeking may be found.

Why seek the living where the dead
In charnel house recline?
Why shun the fold the shepherd fed?
And said all these are mine.

I have a book, its old I know,

The worse of use and age,
It's covered with some calico,
And time has dimned its page.

'Twas there I found my oracle,
Worth more than Moses' rod.
No peace is for the wicked, says
The holy word of God.

I'm agent for a company,
Insuring men to live,
We offer you the best of terms,
It's possible to give.

In every town and citadel,
On every Sabbath day,
We tell about the policy,
And what you have to pay.

The twentieth of Exodus,
With which you must comply,
Will warrant you a guarantee,
That you shall never die.

A Retrospect.

Well, wife, it's forty years ago
The record of alliance,
Was made to let the people know
The fact of our affiance.

With seven dollars in thy purse,
Our future life to tickle,
Mine could have been but little worse,
I only had a nickle.

The wheel thy mother gave thee then,
On which to do the spinning,
And reel and winding blades done much,
To aid us in beginning.

I want to say before I go,
As wife and mother truly,
Thy duty has been done, I know,
And faithfully and duly.

Those forty years, by day and night,
We've trudged along together,
Glad of the triumph of the right,
But sad in cloudy weather.

We saw the ravens work of night,
And how she spread her pinions,
The slave forego his natal right,
In part of our dominions.

We looked again, the eagle drove
The monster from his eyry,

The god of justice and of love,
Dispelled a sight so dreary.

We looked again, and Russian dukes,
So like the dukes of Edom,
Are so amazed at God's rebukes,
They gave their serfs their freedom.

The wisdom of our native land,
By piety directed,
Upheld by an almighty hand,
Her slavery ejected.

Japan, the hermit in her way,
Has opened wide her portals,
Infusing much the light of day,
Like other fellow mortals.

And Livingston and Stanley probe,
The mystery of waters,
And shed a light upon the globe,
For sable sons and daughters.

And Nahum's torches flaming high,
In chariots fleet and raging,
Are as the lightning passing by,
The Prophet's mind engaging.

We lived to see the hills made low,
The valleys lifted even,
See tunnels through the mountains go—
Let's praise the God of Heaven.

And Cleveland stands upon our shore,
The Queen upon another,
And talk our nations business o'er,
Just like a son and mother.

And sturdy men have strained their ken,

And so matured their notions,
That by a monster ship canal,
To wed the twain of oceans.

And when they bake the wedding cake,
And get the nuptuals ready,
Be it my lot, I'll tie the knot,
To make the thing more steady.

An Honest Man.

A man tho' he's poor, should be honest,
And pay all his debts, if he can;
Each one when its due, should be canceled,
Then hold up his head like a man.

What he owes to himself is a pointer,
Not one in a thousand has paid,
If he has a good name as a neighbor,
He enjoys the good name he has made.

Such only should claim to be honest,
To which you consent with a nod,
Thrice happy the man who is honest,
With neighbor, himself, and his God.

The Way the Poet Popped the Question.

Wilt Thou
Thy home forsake
My hand to take
And brave the storm and gale,
And float with me
Across the sea
We all shall have to sail?

The time will come
To wander home,
The home beyond the sea,
But while I stay
And pine away,
O, Mary! stay with me!

M. W.

I paid twenty-five cents postage to get the above to its destination, Richmond, Ind., in 1843.

A Legend of a Woodman.

A legend from a far off land, far off in
point of clime,
And more remote if we consult, chronology
of time.
The truth of what I write I'm sure I cannot
guarantee,
A Bagdat story I will tell, as it was told to
me.
The city on a mountain stood, not far from
Shinar's plain,
Like Petra, not a wagon could to such a
height attain.
As Moses stood on Pisgah's height, behold-
ing Jericho,
On Bagdat you could stand and see, the
cities down below.
See Babylon, old Babylon, the mart of land
and sea,
The Tigress and the Euphrates bring hom-
age unto thee.
See Shinar with her lap of fruits spread out
upon plain,
Her yellow harvest greet your eye and gar-
ners full of grain.
From Bagdat's perch among the clouds,
you look beyond and see,
The mystery of Babylon and glory of
Chaldee.
The woodman brings his asses pack o'er
precipice and glen,
To cook the food to satisfy the hungry
maws of men.

The barber bought the woodman's pack,
yes, all the wood he had,
They both agreed he bought it all, yes,
both the good and bad.
And yet, as they unload the wood, begin to
disagree,
The barber said the saddle's wood, and that
belongs to me.
And now they called the Pasha up, each
has his tale to tell,
The Pasha wondered at the fact, they both
agreed so well;
The Pasha said a trade's a trade, although
it's rather queer,
The barber got the saddle, but the Pasha
coming near,
He whispered something softly, which the
barber did not hear;
The woodman lost his saddle, but his steps
are homeward bent,
And he whistled down the mountain that
he didn't care a cent.
When the barber had forgotten that the
woodman was not dead,
He demanded to be shaven, both myself
and friend, he said;
So he paid the fare for either, then he took
the barber's chair,
And he very soon was shaven, and the bar-
ber brushed his hair.
Now, sir, where is your servant? for I'm
ready to begin,
But the woodman was unhitching, for to
lead the fellow in.
No, sir! I will not shave him! said the bar-
ber with a frown,
But the woodman said he paid him, call
the Pasha of your town;

Soon the officer concluded that it must not
be delayed,
But the ass must be denuded in compliance
with the trade.

The Crazy Nigger.

In eighteen hundred fifty-one,
Some years before the war, you known,
The writer braved the southern sun,
Where cotton and potatoes grow.

Where pines were tall, their leaves were long,
And sand and moss were prodigal,
And when the muse took up his song,
'Twas rather periodical.

Our stage was full, the sand was deep,
The moon was shining beautiful,
We stop to rest but not to sleep,
But rest our team so dutiful.

And here the driver cries aloud:
Where has that crazy nigger got?
Who always tells about a cloud
That's coming, wherether seen or not.

But Sambo, always at his post,
Was ready with his oracle,
No time had Sambo ever lost,
To make his theme historical.

He pointed out a time to come,
Was coming in reality,
The beating of the fife and drum,
In lavish prodigality.

And yet, the people laughed outright
To see the nigger's oddity,

He could not with his lamp of light,
Continue a commodity.

I thought it then, I think it now,
The seer was solving mystery,
Let skeptics doubt or wonder how,
He saw our future history.

Waiting.

You could wait a long time for a debt to
come due,
Provided this debt should be canceled by
you,
You could wait with a grace that you sel-
dom display,
For the time you should labor at heat of
the day;
And a story of one hardly meet to be sung,
Is related of one when condemned to be
hung.
Now, sir, said the Judge, you must hang on
a tree,
But you may select just what kind it shall
be.
I thank you, your honor, for granting my
wish,
I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush.
The bush is too small, said the Judge, as he
rose;
I know it, your honor, I'll wait 'til it
grows.
But waiting is something we cannot avoid,
So often unpleasant, so seldom enjoyed.
Your servent remembers his boyish estate,
When visitors come, they compelled him to
wait;
And Homer's Minerva was lacking of sense,
To keep a man waiting in cruel suspense.
And waiting is something my nature
abhors,
I hate of all waiting to wait for the cars.

Poor Timothy's Experience.

The week of our meeting was nearing its close,
How many converted, I cannot suppose,
The truth as it is, had been brought to the light,
And Christians encouraged to stand by the right;
And no one but Timothy dared to be still,
Each had to confess of his goodness or ill,
When called on to witness, he got up and said:
I give my condition, I wish I was dead.
Poor Timothy! sorrow was his from the day,
Affliction laid hold of his bundle of clay,
No comforts or pleasure for him was designed,
His body distorted, and palsied his mind.
The day of his wish, he was aged and poor,
Why parley and loiter at poverty's door?
God heard his petition, no doubt when he said,
From the depths of his heart, that he wished he was dead.
But he stilled hobbled on, every day with his load,
'Till he crawled on the grass to the end of his road;
With his head on the leaves and his feet on the sod,
He died in the presence of none but his God.

King Henry's Wedding.

Henry of Berne, the young King of Novere,
And Protestant leader with never a peer,
Had never been courting, I think in his life,
Too young, we imagine to want him a wife.
His mother, a Huguenaught, and Queen of Novere,
Had long been a victim of Catholic fear.
The old Duke of Alva had boastinly cried:
At my hands two full thousand Huguenaughts have died;
Their streamlets were gory, their rivers ran blood,
But the thirst of the Pope drank it in like a flood.
A cessation of strife, with a glimmer of hope,
Made Henry conclude he'd a friend in the Pope.
The wary old Queen came to Henry to say:
Come, marry my daughter, young Henry, I pray.
The Huguenaughts were doubtful and many protest,
Of war they weary, perhaps it was best,
So Henry must marry a Catholic wife,
To sever the discord and sunder the strife;
And Paris prepared them a banquet of wine,
Where Huguenaughts and Papists should revel and dine,
And Margarette looks in the blush of her pride,

For the man who is coming to make her his bride.
And Henry of Berne, the young King of Novere,
We behold in the front with a host in the rear;
Yes, hundreds were coming, with music and cheer,
To wedding of Papist with King of Novere:
But e're the young bridegroom was joined to his bride,
The mother of Henry was poisoned and died;
No clue to the murder was made to appear,
'Til after the wedding of Henry Novere.
At night as the Protesant leaders repose,
Like wolves among sheep were their Catholic foes;
St. Bartholomew's bell gave the signal for strife,
And then from all belfrys their chiming was rife.
Each Protestant house had been marked for the fray,
Prepared for the fatal Bartholomew day;
The doors are demollshed and demons of hell,
Moved out at the sound of Batholomew's bell.
No quarter to father, to mother or child,
Their carnage was fierce and their frenzy was wild,
With no way to rescue a friend or a wife,
Only three made an effort to fight for their life.
The darkness of Paris, at which we but glance
Nor dare an attempt at the blackness of France.

You ask what of Henry, my author assured
He lived o'er the conflict then after abjured,
And joined with his wife in the faith of the
Pope,
But spurned every thought of the rack and
the rope;
Was Papist in name, but his Protesant heart
Was ever the same, he could never depart.
He was Henry the Fourth o'er the kingdom
of France,
But they slew him at last with the Catholic
lance.

The Carpet Bagger.

Well, children, we have left our home,
And come so far to meet you,
We hope to school that you well come,
In heaven's name we greet you.
We meet a cruel populace,
Who only curse and swagger,
The hardest thing they say of us,
They call us carpet bagger.

We want to teach you how to read,
And with a pen to tell it,
And when you handle merchandise,
Just how to buy and sell it.
We meet a class upon the street,
So drunk they reel and stagger,
And mutter something as we pass,
About the carpet bagger.

That you were men and women once,
Your masters never told you,
But like the cattle on the farm,
They often bought and sold you.
And still we meet with cruel men,
Their look is like a dagger,
It's kindness when they only speak,
Of us as carpet bagger.

We thank your fathers for their care,
The night they came to guard us,
The thirsty men for Yankee blood,
They held at bay toward us.

For like some vicious muzzled dog,
That makes his tail a wagger,
The meanest thing that they could do,
Was call us carpet bagger.

[Soon after the war, I, my wife and six others, went to Mississippi to teach the freedmen, and were received very cordially by them, but very contemptiously by the whites. One night, as we were off our guard, the colored men came and woke us up to know if we would allow them to guard us until morning, as they had seen signs of an intention to harm us. I think there were seventeen armed men guarded us until morning].

NAMES—

EXUM MORRIS AND WIFE,
NIXON ELLIOTT,
LUCINDA FRAZIER,
LYDIA ANDERSON,
WALTER WINSLOW.

The Pirate.

The pirate, we think, is a robber who gets
The fish of his living by spreading his nets;
Success in his calling is woe to the seas,
Whenever he ripples his sail in the breeze.
His flag, we presume, many sided to be,
For he counterfeits all on the ocean or sea;
He sails and displays them abroad like an elf,
But never has woven a flag for himself.
And when but a boy I was taught to believe
It was crooked to cheat, and a sin to decieve,
And a man who is courting is bad as a sot,
If he makes her believe he is what he is not;
She sees his deceit and he merits his fall,
In fact she refuses to have him at all.
The kisses of Absolom won a respect,
Which wisdom and fairness will ever eject;
Though boasted deceivers before you may vaunt,
We scorn the contemptable hypocrites cant,
Who hugs you and loves you, inquires if you're well,
But publicly speaks of the lies that you tell.
The hypocrite, Absolom, hung by his hair,
His portion was only the hypocrite's share;
Talk only of pirates of island or seas,
But give me a whack at the hypocrite, please.

King David was lawfully King of the Jews,
But Absolom wanted to stand in his shoes,
And jealous old Haman was hung on the spot,
He hoped in his heart would be Mordicai's lot.
The arch old deceiver found Eden so bright,
'Twere piracy only to walk in the light;
Whose poison and Gihon spread out on the main,
And the gold of Hovilah shone bright on plain.
The Lord of our fathers, we wonder and scan,
Is this where the Lord got to make him a man?
Did banks of Euphrates surrender the sod,
For making a man by the hand of his God?
Here Adam walked out by the river and found,
The onyx and bdellium spread out on the ground.
The ugly rhinoceros rolls on the banks,
The monkeys are leaping from trees in their pranks,
Or shaking the limbs to get chestnuts to eat.
One fell in the river himself in his feat.
He might have gone fishing, but had him no seine;
He might have gone hunting, but hunting was vain,
And if he went courting, it's thought by the muse,
Her honest opinion agreed with his views.
The day of the wedding was suddenly set,
And he gave her no option to play the coquette,

And this, I believe, is the sensible view,
That each one believed 'twas the best they could do,
No shade of deception, no sign of deceit,
No piracy threatened this rural retreat;
Some hope for the future, some respite from hell,
Some blessed oasis where people may dwell.
As a test of devotion and truth of their love,
The facts are preserved in the records above.

A Story Thought.

I had a thought, it came and went,
Alas! it came no more;
A pity that it wandered off,
I had so little store.

And tho' it was a little runt,
I had not one to spare.
I gave my house a thorough hunt,
But could not find it there.

The rest were mostly borrowed ones,
Or 'twould not be so bad.
You'd sigh because you lost a thought,
If that was all you had.

I sought the garden o'er and o'er,
And at the barn and shed,
But I could find the thing no more,
And so I went to bed.

And now another day has come,
Let farmers thresh their rye.
But I will bring that truant back,
Or know the reason why.

I'll take it in the meadows green,
I'll search among the hay,
If ever it should come again,
I mean to make it stay.

I'll seek it near the wayside brook,
And on my way to church,

In every street and lane I'll look,
And persecute my search.

It may have left the country:
It may have gone away;
If ever it should come again,
I mean to make it stay.

I wonder why it scampered off,
To leave the world and me?
And yet, I mean to have it back,
Unless it's gone to sea.

Nebraska Plowing.

The deepest plowing ever was,
Nebraska men can show.
One single furrow in a place,
Is all they aim to gee.
They plow a team that never stalls,
But cannot make it go,
But where they ever get their plow,
Is more than I can see.
The furrows depth is sixty feet,
It leaves it mighty rough,
And fully forty rods apart—
They did not plow enough.
Too hilly now for any use,
A village or a town,
They quit it when they plowed it up,
But did not harrow down.
Or like the woman with her wash,
She hung it all about,
And when it all was wrinkled up,
She did not iron it out.
And yet, Nebraska is a State
Almost without a hill,
But when you find it rough at all,
It's rough enough to kill.
A sickly place for Doctors there,
They'd have to starve or beg,
Except, sometimes, a child is born,
Or some one breaks a leg.

Move Up a Little, Jonathan.

Move up a little, Jonathan,
So we can see you go.
The world is going mighty fast,
Pray do not be so slow.

When Rehoboam's father died,
The kingdom and his lore,
Was fleeting as the ebbing tide,
And it was seen no more.

The Queen of Sheba praised the King,
And of his glory told,
And yet, he done one foolish thing
When he was getting old.

And Rehoboam's wisdom saw
How fleet his father's joys,
And when he wanted counsel then,
He went among the boys.

What came of the old fogies then?
I think you ought to know;
They had to just get up and get,
Because they ought to go.

When Joash was a little boy,
The people made him King,
And who is there that cannot see
The wisdom of the thing?

And when those few old-fashioned folks,
Who have no right to talk,

Can see just what they ought to do,
  Take up their bed and walk.

And when the church throws off the yoke
  Our fathers taught to wear,
'Tis then we'll lay our burdens down,
  We have no right to bear.

The prophet Samuel had his day,
  Yet made but little show.
Give us the lines, we want to drive;
  You want to drive too slow.

Temptation---Salvation.

A silence in nature serene and profound,
No zephyrs to ripple, no voices to sound,
Inanimate nature invites you to rest,
The peace of your conscience pronounees you blest;
You're wisdom and manliness spurn to intrude,
On a man with no leisure t› be interviewed.
And so the deceiver and author of crime,
Comes in with his bait at an opportune time.
He who keepeth a city, a town or a ward,
Hath danger the greatest when off of his guard.
And then comes the smart of chargin and surprise,
That we hark to the beck of the father of his,
But temptation is greater, more sure in its ends,
If it has the example of kindred and friends.
Yet the rich man who groaned in the depth of despair,
Would not have his brothers to follow him there;
And since none can return when the gulf shuts him in,
It is wicked in waiting so long to begin.
The Prophets and Moses and lives which they led,
Would fail to convince, tho' they rose from the dead.

Tho' God should repine and tho' angels
should grive,
You get no salvation unless you believe;
You answer belief in the truth of a cause,
Can only depend on the proof of the laws.
I grant it and think if the truth was brought
out,
And we tried half as hard to believe as to
doubt.
And sinners acknowledge this truth with a
nod,
Then up with the banner, salvation and
God.

A Nebraska Town.

Nebraska has a little town,
No other town is nigh it;
When I was there I went to see,
And thought perhaps I'd buy it.

I liked it pretty middling well,
But found no one to sell it;
I could not find how old it was,
For no one there could tell it.

They have no schools or churches there,
They climb along without it;
They did not seem inclined to talk,
Or tell me much about it.

They have no streets like other towns,
But hit or miss they make it;
And when they find a lot they like,
They simply go and take it.

Of all the food they get to eat,
I think they never cook it,
And as we never see them work,
I guess they always hook it.

'Twas prairie where they built their town,
'Twas prairie all around it;
A man was there a hunting once,
This was the man that found it.

With all their dwellings underground,
We don't know much about it,

But if the town would sink to-night,
Then we could do without it.

This little animal is called prairie dog and burrows in the ground, where he stays in the day time, except you can see him sitting near his hole sunning himself on a nice day, but ready at the approach of an enemy to dart into his hole, where he is safe. It is impossible to dig him out, as he goes to a great depth. As there is no water in their reach, unless they dig for it, they must dig near 200 feet, and the supposition is that they do this. They are nocturnal in their habits, about the size of a common muskrat. One curious thing with them is, they allow night hawks and reptils, even rattlesnakes, to take lodging with them, notwithstanding the old adage, that birds of a feather flock together. They are harmless and move off when their premises are too much encroached upon.

The Poets Moods and Tenses.

Some foolish men essay to tell
What poets lack of sense is,
And that we seldom speak at all
Of ought but moods and tenses.

Well, first we have to have a mood,
You soon see what our mood is,
And if you look to us for food,
You soon see what our food is.

The pessimist and optimist
Show what their turn to please is,
And lazy men who scorn to work,
Show what their love of ease is.

And beardless boys who deign to teach,
We see just what their youth is;
We wonder if they try to preach,
Can tell just what the truth is.

We wonder more as we deplore,
How much their love of place is?
And disregard for aged men,
Among these youthful faces.

No doubt, says Job, ye are the men,
And wisdom dies without you;
Our falling mantles you must wear,
Then wear them close about you.

The modest, timid beardless boy,
May heaven's blessings send you;
The mother's hope, the father's joy,
The church can recommend you.

My Birthday.

I grasp my pencil once again
To tell what I opine;
Few authors would attempt it at
The age of sixty-nine.

But as I have twelve months to write,
My pencil or my pen
Shall never stop 'til I have reached
My three score years and ten.

Unless the hand that holds it now
Be laid upon my breast,
And mind and body, heart and soul,
Have all gone home to rest—

The rest that means a peace with God,
Whose watch above me kept,
And if I weep it's nothing new,
My Lord and Master wept.

Wept when he saw Jerusalem
Compassed with armies sore,
And when he tried to gather them,
They wandered more and more.

Ezekiel wept, his people sinned,
And thus they were undone;
They turned their backs unto the Lord,
By worshiping the sun.

And tho' we mourn, the wrong we know,
We must our vigil keep,
Exposing each approaching foe,
And not be found asleep.

Hast Thou Heard What Backsliding Israel Has Done?

The man who never quaffed a glass
Of glowing Adam's ale,
He may have heard its praises sung,
As some old idle tale.

But as he never stood beside
The fountain on the rill,
His thirst was never satisfied,
He never had his fill.

But when he comes to know its worth,
Will linger at the spring,
The dry and sandy desert shun,
And to the waters cling.

Yet, others who have learned to drink
Soon wander off to die,
Prefer the barren desert to
The waters flowing by.

Thrice foolish man to miss the track,
When thou hast known the way.
Backsliding comes of looking back,
And from the light of day.

Why seek the living where the dead
Lost and forgotten lie?
Why shun the fold the shepherd fed,
Whose flock shall never die?

Poor sorrow stricken Hagar cried,

No earthly help was nigh,
Her son was weeping at her side,
She sat him off to die.

The wilderness of Beersheba
Was barren, seer and dry,
The water from her bottle gone,
And now her son must die.

Ah no! for God beholds her there,
Has happy news to tell.
Instead of sorrow and despair,
He points her to a well.

What would this world of sorrow be,
Since all are born to sigh?
Could we not hear the siren voice,
Behold, thy God is nigh!

Thou weeping sorrow stricken one,
Remember God is near;
His eye is never dim of sight,
Nor deaf his listening ear.

Look up, for there is light above
And darkness down below;
And listen to the voice of love,
Inviting thee to go.

Thou sick and sorrow stricken one,
Bid all thy tempters fly.
Thy jewels will the brighter shine,
When all thy griefs are by.

The Robin.

It rained at noon, it rained at night,
At early morn before 'twas light.
The sky was black as Tony Hold,
And all night long the thunder rolled;
And at the dawn or break of day,
The old cock robin sang his lay.
A song I never heard before;
'Twas base and tenor o'er and o'er.
His mate could sing, but he could beat her,
I tried in vain to get the meter.
And thus it seemed he wisely planned it,
The best that I could understand it:
You kill us just to get a feather;
No wonder you don't like the weather.
You shoot us with a bow and arrow,
You kill the little tiny sparrow.
And now I do not care a nickle,
If you don't need a scythe or sickle.
Your meaner than a thief or drummer,
May you not plant your corn this summer.
And we will be your soul beraters,
And pray that you may live on taters,
Nor care a pin if it grows wetter,
Unless you make your conduct better.
You promise debts but cannot meet them;
You raise some pigs, but others eat them;
You're needs are few, your wants are greater;
You revel now but suffer later.
Then recognize this little hinter,
Charges all mistakes unto the printer.
Ah no! I see his head a bobbin',
You'd better charge them to the robbin.

Little Billy; or, Nixon Winslow's Mule.

Billy Button lives in town,
He wears a leather collar,
Does everybody's thanky jobs,
But never gets a dollar.

And Billy knows the crooked roads
For twenty miles and over,
But knows when he gets back again,
He'll get some corn and clover.

Billy does his duty well;
His master loves to feed him,
Because, if he don't need him now,
Then some one else will need him.

Sometimes they make him go too fast,
Sometimes maybe they kick him,
And yet they mostly treat him well—
I hope they never lick him.

And Billy has a host of friends,
From far and near they know him,
Nor will they very soon forget,
How great a debt they owe him.

If we should live 'til Billy's dead,
With due respect we'll treat him,
And put his body underground,
No bird or beast shall eat him.

Jonah.

Jonah preached to Nineveh,
But had a foolish notion,
Because he tried to run away,
They put him in the ocean.

And there he struggled for his life,
And yet it did not drowned him,
A fish came passing by that way,
And eat him when he found him.

His master caught and brought him back,
And made him change his notion;
It done a mighty sight of good
To put him in the ocean.

And now he says he'll pay his vows,
Provided God will aid him,
In preaching to the Ninevites,
Just what his master bade him.

And from his lowly bed in hell
There is an ear to hear him,
An eye to pity even there,
For those who love and fear him.

An arm to turn the fish about,
And power to command him;
Take Jonah to the shore again,
And there to safely land him.

But Jonah wants no shipping now,
But turns his face from Joppa,

To preach the sermon he was bid,
And with him takes the copy.

And now he warns those crooked men,
While up and down he dashes;
The King puts on his regal robe,
Repents in dust and ashes.

And God, who pardoned Jonah's sins,
Heard their lament of sorrow,
Repented of his evil threat,
To set them free to-morrow.

But Jonah now goes off to pout,
For mercy shown to many.
Why not be glad when it was shown
To him as well as any.

Let morning sun dry up the gourds,
The earth be dark with blindness,
Give cities to the wrath of swords,
But praise the God of kindness.

Caleb's Daughter.

Thou gavest me a southern land,
Give also springs of water,
See Acsah with her father stand,
For she was Caleb's daughter.

Othnial taught her thus to pray,
And failed not to caress her,
With upper and with nither springs,
Her father's heart would bless her.

He added to their southern land,
These gushing springs of water,
So blessed the man who took her hand,
And wedded Caleb's daughter.

He saved his people when they cried,
And proved a man of slaughter.
The grandest thing Othnial done,
He married Caleb's daughter.

But Acsah loved exporiments,
And so she made the trial.
The grandest thing that Acsah done,
She married young Othnial.

Jones' Cow.

Jones' cow went nearly dry,
Her horns, he thought, were hollow;
She had a dull and sunken eye,
She could not eat and did not try,
He found she could not swallow.

He kept her in the corner shed,
And tied her with a halter;
The boards were missing overhead,
And mud and water filled her bed
When he went out to salt her.

He fed her with some mouldy straw;
But not enough to fill her;
She was too weak to wag her jaw,
Or satisfy her empty maw—
This was enough to kill her.

When Jones would see her chew her cud,
He thought the cow was eating,
And hoped the thing would do her good;
As if he never understood
That he the cow was cheating.

She had a perfect right to die,
An all-sufficient reason.
No wonder that the cow was dry,
And Jones' little children cry,
For lack of care in season.

Decoration Day.

Well, Decoration Day has come,
And I must write a speech on't.
Another man, I understand,
Is gwine to try to preach on't.

And then they mean to make a fuss,
And play the fife and drum on't,
And all because the peoples dead—
If I can get my thumb on't.

And then I think they mean to march,
If I can get the hang on't;
But I'm too lame to keep the step,
And could not get the twang on't.

The regimental jackobins,
Who boasted at the first on't,
And then they kept the racket up,
Until they got the wust on't.

Since fife and drums and gatling guns,
Each play their part or cause on't.
They should be buried with the dead;
Why should you put your paws on't?

But come with all your evergreens,
And plume and deck the grave on 'm;
And think and say the very best
That can be thought or said on 'm.

Our brain, and blood, and tongue and arm,
A sacrifice we made on 'm.

Our nation's life, our father's hope,
All these we brought and laid on 'm.

We grudge you not the paltry sum
You get for what you done for us,
Who took your muskets in your hands,
And dared to fight or run for us.

But now the smoke has cleared away,
There is a brighter day for us;
For war is only murder, and
There is a better way for us.

They say that war was on our hands,
And we were in the right of it;
They marshaled out the rebel bands,
We could not bear the sight of it.

But after all it's wrong to fight,
And christians ought to tell of it;
And pray to God to put a stop
To every shot and shell of it.

And in the quiet time of peace
To rally all the foes of it,
Into one arbitrating force,
And thus we may dispose of it.

The Girl in Her Calico Dress.

If I had a daughter to train and adore,
What then would she wear, do you guess?
A smile on her face just as bright as the morn,
And a beautiful calico dress.

Her place in the larder, where she could be found,
All times in the day for a look,
As queen of her house she should ever be known,
With a grand coronation as cook.

A competent reader, by giving good sense,
No lady should ever be less;
And jewels and diamonds are needless expense,
When robed in a calico dress.

No veil with its shadow should cover her face.
Why shrink from the light like a thief?
Her plants in her parlor get beauty and grace,
And the sun gives a tint to the leaf.

Loquacious young ladies or reticent girls,
Are rich in their province to bless;
If hid in the greatest profusion of curls,
And robed in a calico dress.

Her climax of beauty as seen once a week,
Reminds you of roses and buds;

The song of her music, the flush of her
cheek,
Shines bright when she plays in the suds.

A helpmate to aid in the battles of life,
A shame she should ever be less.
A Queen for a King, for a Noble a wife,
If robed in a calico dress.

The Whip-Poor-Will.

Thou solitary bird of night,
Of melancholly thrill,
We cannot gratify thy wish,
And come and Whip-poor-Will.

Along the copse and meadow fields,
Thy solemn voice and shrill
Is heard by all thy many friends,
To come and Whip-poor-Will.

But not a feather of thy form,
Between thy toes and bill,
Could we consent to blight or harm,
Much less to Whip-poor-Will.

And yet, we would not chide thy song;
Go on and sing thy fill;
Nor will we dare to do thee wrong,
We cannot Whip-poor-Will.

Go on and sing thy solemn song,
In weather warm or chill,
To us the right does not belong,
We cannot Whip-poor-Will.

Come to my table blessed bird;
We long to know thy ill.
What evil story hath thy heard,
That we should Whip-poor-Will.

Up Higher.

Thou land that is brighter than day,
And sky that is cloudless and fair,
With climate more balmy than May—
No cyclones or winters are there.

No darkness where sinners may hide;
No paupers to beg in the street;
No debts to be paid or denied;
No suit, with success or defeat.

No preacher to bid you repent;
No lawyer to prove you a knave;
No doctor to charge you a cent;
Or neighbor to dig you a grave.

No lepers or cripples are there,
They know not the pang of pain;
No mental discord they bear,
Not one of their number insane.

No mortgage is on your domain,
Your title is better than gold;
No sharper to cheat you for gain
Or shun you because you are old.

The cobbler abandons his wax,
They call him a cobbler no more;
The treasurer gathers no tax,
No sheriff to knock at your door.

No tongue of a prattler to prate;
No liar will ever be there;

No Mordecai lodge at the gate;
No Haman with malice to bear.

Go take a pre-emption or claim,
The President offers it free,
Provided thou come in his name,
And come "when he calleth for thee."

Leave loved ones and lovers behind;
Thy gold is but perishing dust.
This heavenly treasurer to find,
And freedom from moth and from rust.

'Tis then we shall see as we're seen,
Know more than we mortals can know
Of planets, and spaces between,
And all their foundations will show.

This home in the regions of light
We never can visit by rail;
Our wishes impel in the flight,
From orbit to planet to sail.

There's time to discover them all.
No night with its shadows are there;
No death with its summons to call,
Or weary forebodings to bear.

Our fathers and mothers are there,
Five thousand long years in that land;
Their youth is immortal and fair,
And free from their broken command.

But all of the prophets of old,
Are nothing with which to compare
This beautiful city of gold—
Then may we not long to be there?

While prophets and cities and gold
And angels abound on that shore,
The truth as it should be told,
We nothing but God should adorn.

Down Lower.

Thou land that is darker than night,
  Thy clouds are the clouds of despair.
Art doomed to a blast and a blight,
  No winter can ever come there.

Gross darkness where sinners must dwell,
  And beggers for water will cry;
Great debts to be canceled in hell,
  With proof that we cannot deny.

No reason why you should repent?
  Your look is the proof you're a knave;
You pray that some warning be sent,
  Lest others should fall in your grave.

Great lepers and cripples are there;
  No balm for the pang of a pain;
All kind of discord they bear;
  No hope to enkindle their brain.

No mortgage is on your domain,
  Your title none ever denies;
No record can ever explain
  The time when eternity dies.

We witness when Noah ascends,
  His ark plows her way through the waves;
The lion and lamb are his friends;
  All nations have gone to their graves.

Ah no! how much deeper than this,
  Is not in my pencil to tell,

But down in the burning abyss
All take up their places in hell.

No time since the sun and the moon
And stars shone their splendor so bright,
Have men changed their place so soon,
And gone to the darkness of night.

Their maker had told them the same;
But hear the reply of an elf:
If he would have people repent,
He'd better go do it himself.

And now that his maker repents,
He suddenly changes his base;
Give judgment for mercy and hence
The antedeluvian race.

Now ghosts like a mountain of crime,
We all can remember them well;
For more than a thousand of times
We ask God to send us to hell.

The brimstone of Sodom on fire,
Nor yet when old Babylon fell,
Nor did the destruction of Tyre,
Send such a procession to hell.

The Mission of Peter and John.

Peter and John had a mission
To go to the beautiful gate,
And there to perform by the temple,
The healing with wonder so great.

We wonder the more when we ponder
The fact that the men were unlearned,
And ignorant fishermen only,
Then whence was their wisdom discerned?

For not to the feet of Gamaliel
Were these sturdy fisherman brought,
We wonder the more at their wisdom,
Because they had never been taught.

Again, when we think of their Master,
No wonder his wisdom was spurned;
Sufficient the cause of disaster,
Because he had never been learned.

But now in the pride of our glory,
We reap the reward that we earned,
Excepting a few that are hoary,
We drink at the fount of the learned.

The church in her beauty returning,
Displaying her wisdom and lore,
Our Peters and Johns are all learning;
The night of our darkness is o'er.

Thank God that our darkness is dawning,
Our day star of light is returned;

Let us shed all the veils of our awning,
And walk in the light of the learned.

Had Peter and John had the teaching,
They might, had they lived in our day,
The wonderful power of their preaching,
Had turned all our darkness away.

No question but ye are the people,
And wisdom will die when you're dead.
He taught them the depth of their wisdom,
But Job did not mean what he said.

You wonder what ailed Simon Magus;
The devils all thought he was yarnin'.
This question no longer should plague us,
For Simon was lacken o' larnin'.

The Tourist.

Thou seeking tourist for a pearl or gem,
Elate with hope to find a diadem.
Some road to fame, some cause why thou
shouldst be
Far famed for public notoriety.
Go bask in Earlham's gay and busy scenes,
And sport thy baubles 'mid her evergreens.
The giddy world applauds the man of state,
And smiles upon the Quaker graduate.
"'Twould be consistent with a man like
me,
"To have a mansion border on the sea,
"Or face some city from a height near by
"And win the public's venerating eye.
"High mettled steeds shall be at my com-
mand,
"And silver-mounted harness be at hand.
"I'll have my chaise both light and strong
to be,
"That I may ride with great velocity;
"And as I pass along from zone to zone
"In search of pleasure, shall I be alone?
"I'll wed the damsel of the fairest face
"And finest figure of the human race.
Hark! while I tell, cried another voice,
About the polished lady of his choice.
Alas! she did not know, or seem to know,
That man was made to labor here below.
She ate the custard she did never make,
And chewed the crust that she did never
bake.
She won the tourist, for he did not know

Her parents kept her for a parlor show.
And tho' like he, she ranked among the learned,
She ate the butter that her mother churned.
And thus her daily duties are delayed,
While she adopts her mother for her maid.
'Tis borrowed manners from our neighbors near,
That lead to pride and ostentation here.
The southern banquet and the ball of state,
Exhaust their treasures to applaud the great.
It is the Father's unreserved decree,
From all creation to eternity.
That we should toil and labor to sustain
Our beings, while we on earth remain.
Pride goes before destruction, and a fall,
For haughty spirits is reserved for all.
Excuse a small digression of my pen,
I'll tell you more about the tourist then.
Had southern lords and ladies been disposed
To heed the proverb that their fate disclosed,
No wailing sound would now be heard to move
Their hearts with pity for the friends they love;
Nor parents sighing at their hapless lot,
Like Rachel weeping when her child is not.
All this the tourist labors to ignore,
Yet claims the merit of a man of lore.
But time is up, and time brings weal or woe,
For all shall pay their master what they owe.
The day was set, the tourist made a feast,
If not the greatest, surely not the least.
The time had come no longer to endure
The lonliness he found upon his tour.

The two are one, yet one and one are two,
I think such counting is admitted true.
Their bridal tour is ended and their home
Awaits their coming, waits until they come.
And here our hero with a wife and will,
Reins up his steed at his own domicile.
The richest music echoes in their halls,
While faithful servants answers to their calls.
"Poli wants a cracker;" thus she learns to prate,
A solitary bird without a mate.
Canary birds that never can be free,
Nor tune their notes to sing a jubilee.
A pointer and a setter dog are there,
To find the bird or to point out the hare.
A rocking horse would have there beside,
But for the fact they had no boy to ride.
By nature's laws our rivers ebb and flow,
Lights culminate and then less beauty show.
As borers cause our choicest trees to blight,
Pride humbles man from off his starry height.
Jack with his lantern, leads us all astray,
Once if one we follow in his winding way.
Our hero followed at the beck of Jack,
Who, when he lost him would not beck him back.
The work of mortgages are slow but sure,
And creditors must all be made secure.
He had his day, he filled his place and sphere,
Gave aid and comfort to his auctioneer.
And now we find him in his proper place,
Whom God exalteth first he will abase.
There is a cabin down by Dixie's mill,
Just by the river, close to Holly hill;

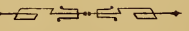
And here the tourist, with his wife and
child,
Take up their lodging since they were
exiled.

A highway passes by their cabin door;
None seem to see them for these folks are
poor.

Wayfaring men pass up and down the slope,
The tourist and his wife look on with hope.
See chaises passing down the hill so free;
It takes a moter to get up, they see.
They see the moral grasp it in a trice,
Determined now to make the sacrifice.
The tourist sees their journey down the hill,
Has brought them to their cabin by the
mill.

The flying engine, by the engineer,
Reverts the motion back again to steer.
The night carousal and the game of chance
Are left behind with all the giddy dance.
And each catch-penny place, where fools
are caught,
Are shuned in wisdom by experience taught.
And as they liquidate each day's expense,
See that all this is done with fifty cents.
One dollar left each day will serve to prop
Their slow ascent until they reach the top.
Look at the sun, behold how slow its flight,
And yet, it always makes its round by night.
The foolish hare lay down and went to sleep,
The tortoise won, and yet could only creep.
The poet now remembers when a child
His father sent him through the woody
wild.
The leaves were still remaining on the trees,
The weather only cold enough to freeze.
A heavy snow had fell the night before,

Lodged on the leaves and bent the bushes o'er.
I lost my way, the heavy snow blockade
Made matters worse at every step I made.
No sight or trace I'd ever seen before
As I moved on new objects to explore.
At last a thought, a happy one for me,
Back track thyself so I got home to tea,
And so our tourist down by Dixie's mill,
Moves back and up the steep of Holly hill;
Back track thyself, the burden of my song
To every human being going wrong.
Some say we need but little here below,
But others say with me it is not so.
If we would square our lives by what we need,
'Twould be so plain that he who runs may read;
Tho' all his learning brought him no returns,
Man knows but little saving what he learns.
It's true our hero learned the foolish play,
They spell croquet but call the thing croka.
A base ball knocker agile, lythe and quick,
A grand device to love and serve old Nick.
All this comprises diplomatic lore,
The Devil's play-house on the second floor.
And here we leave the tourist and his wife,
With garnered wisdom from mistakes in life.
A store of learning makes a man a fool,
If all he learns is what he gets at school.



Come to My Sanctum Sanctorum.

Come to my sanctum sanctorum,
Its not what the critic supposes;
It rivals the justices forum;
Perfumed with the odor of roses.

It's fanned by the zephyrs of morning;
It's cooled by the dews of the night.
No guilding or costly adorning,
To win you away from the right.

No ghost of a sin unforgiven;
Nor fear that the Devil will get you;
Your treasure all laid up in heaven;
But you stay here as long as they let you.

The carols of birds make you merry;
Your trellis is loud with their humming.
If some take their leave in a hurry,
Still others and brighter are coming.

I grasp at the strain of their singing,
And mimmic their streams of delight.
And I catch at the notes they are flinging,
And gaze at the speed of their flight.

And yet, all the pride of their glory
Is fleet like the fading of flowers;
While none but redemption's old story
Give promise of blessing like ours.

King Cetewayo of Zulu.

King Cetewayo was fighter,
And England all joined in the fray;
The King lost his crown or his mitre,
And England went off with the prey.

The King with his wives, number seven,
Were captured and put in the hold;
And sleeping apartments were given—
They slept on the floor, we are told.

They say the King slept in the middle;
No wonder his sleeping was sound.
Each wife was as fine as a fiddle;
All taking their places around.

Their ship was a storm-tossing fighter,
And manly she mastered the waves.
The King, who was minus his mitre,
Could hardly believe they were slaves.

The King was a corpulent fellow,
And never took shipping 'til now.
His color was copper or yellow,
And weighed like a beef or a cow.

On board was an artist with easel,
Who wanted his picture for pelf.
He caught him as quick as a weasel,
And got all the money himself.

And then in the evening they met him,
And wanted his picture again.

They showed him the place they would set
him,
He bluntly rejected them then.

The Zulus said he have a habit;
We cannot abandon our rule.
But once in a day to be foolish,
This morning I acted the fool.

I pondered and thought when I read it,
Tho' we are much better than they;
'Twould be to our honor and credit
To only be fools once a day.

A Battle Field.

If you would see a battle field,
Come take a walk with me;
Where strong men to the stronger yield,
Or fight like Grant or Lee.

They say the war is over now,
The end of ire and hate;
The world is all a battle field
Of conflict and debate.

The man that eats the simmons now
Must have the longest pole;
Or climb a tree to save his life,
If he would save his soul.

The horned cattle push and fight
O'er grasses rich and rare;
But calves and runts must starve or bite
On stony pastures bare.

Thank God because there is a God!
One that can hear and see,
And gave a weapon of defense
To all the world and me.

The horse, if people treat him well,
Is seldom seen to fight;
But when you treat him with abuse,
Begins to kick and bight.

The cow comes up with udders full
From yonders field of clover;

But if you do not treat her white,
Will kick the bucket over.

The dog, I do not like the whelp!
Because he bit my brother.
I killed the only one I had,
And never got another.

The porcupine is proof enough,
As all the world may know,
That God provideth a defence
Against the direst foe.

I challenge mine to open fight;
If I'm alive I'm with 'em.
I'll touch him with my gander quill,
And shoot him with my rythm.

And every man has got a foe
Who bears a flag of honor.
To fight the battle of the church
And throw a light upon her.

The man of sorrow had his foes,
His kin were not the lesser;
Who gave him vinegar to drink
And called a transgressor.

He told them they were hypocrits,
Too blind to serve as guiders.
He whipped them from the synagogue
To mingle with outsiders.

And when he heard their song of mirth,
And listened to the pipers,
He likened them to whited walls,
And generating vipers.

He called them fools who strain at gates,
And yet the camel swallow.
Their proselytes were men of hell,
In mud and mire they wallow.

Search for the North Pole.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-seven
The noted John Cabot and brothers,
Set sail to explore or discover
The pole, and its secrets and others.

One place on the earth was forbidden;
No sail had cast shadows upon it;
And not a decendent of Adam
Had seen it or made it a sonnet.

The pole at the north was the question;
Some thought the whole thing must be hollow;
And if it turned round on a gudgeon,
Rotation on axes must follow.

They reached the degree sixty-seven,
And then they returned in despair;
And from the account that is given,
The project dissolved in mid air.

And then a man Willoughby tried it,
But he froze to death with his men.
Then Frobisher comes to decide it,
With nothing but failure again.

Then Davis and William Barenze
Were next with their heads in the halter.
Tho' Davis got back to his friends,
The other was laid on the altar.

And then Henry Hudson was chosen,

With seamen and ship to control,
And he pushed along and was frozen,
And he never got back to the pole.

Then Buffin and Beering both tried it,
Exploring with body and soul,
Determined to sail it or slide it,
But they never got to the pole.

But Wrangall and Angon would make it,
And set out with dogs and their sledges.
But alternate waters forbade it,
They stop when they get to the edges.

But Franklin, Sir John they addressed him,
A man with a weakness for water,
Was wrecked and picked up from a sand-bar,
But gave such reverses no quarter.

He fought against Jackson at Orleans,
And yet further north was his goal.
He sighed for the Icelandic islands
And longed to discover the pole.

He left a sick wife at her dying—
She died on the day that he started.
She gave him a flag for the flying,
O'er mountains of ice, and they parted.

He came back and married Jane Griffin;
The good Lady Franklin they name her,
But left her to sail the Erubus,
But never came home for to claim her.

He perished and all that were with him,
Their vessels were lost to a splinter.

They ate all their shoes and their leather,
And died in the desolate winter.

Three years of suspense, and no tidings
Of Franklin, his ship, or his men;
And no less than eight expeditions
Were roaming o'er glazier and glen.

And one Captain Osborn, deposeth,
They starved on the old beechy island,
And grounds that Cape Riley encloseth
Are strewn on the valleys and highland.

With empty tin cans and some houses,
And such unmistakable traces;
But Franklin is gone and forever,
And gone all his virtues and graces.

And yet, with the pole undiscovered,
We chafe with a mania to find it;
But find where the power of the magnet,
Is lost to the duties assigned it.

Doctor Kane, and Hall and DeLong,
And others I weary of telling.
With Greely to finish my song,
Too large a proportion is swelling.

We wonder the more at the stories
That elephat's tusks are discovered,
And bones of the tropical climate,
All over with mystery hovered.

That gardens, and signs of their tillage,
Are seen in that frozen domain;
Where time, in the lapse of her cycles,
Gave harvest of fruitage and grain.

Their winters are colder and longer,
And summer is wholly unknown;
Their natives are coming to met us,
Deserting that terrible zone.

On the Fourth of July.

There is joy in the camp on the Fourth of July,
And music rolls out like the flags that they fly;
And old men and maidens are flocking to town,
To hear the discourses of men of renown.
Who tell of the tariff and modes of redress;
From wage-earning men there's a wail of distress.
To over production the cause is assigned;
That satisfies only the deaf and the blind.
The doctrine that Franklin, if living, would teach,
If heeded, would save us from wreck on the beach.
The waste of our nation and profligate way,
Are leaks in the ship of our sailing to-day.
Our wants are too many, our needs are but few,
To this all the secret of living is due.
The halls of our theaters, shows in their tents,
Saloons in the cities, tobaccos expense.
The lack of humanity putting on airs,
As well as our presence at vanity fairs.
Are (whether the people believe it or not)
A positive proof, there is death in the pot.
To the daybright of noon, from the twilight of mourn,
We wonder if man can afford to be born?

The doctor will give you a welcome, it's true,
But a ten-dollar bill is the sum of his due.
And then to the day that they summons you hence,
You find you are only a bill of expense.
The grave undertaker will give you a ride;
No earthly companion will be at your side.
All free, it is true, but don't you forget,
Your friends and relations must cancel the debt.
Come on, undertaker, come on with your hearse!
But give me a minute to finish my verse.
For over the western horizon I look,
And hope to be able to finish my book.
On banks of the Jordan, with magical wand,
I strike at the waters, but wait on the land.

Charge of Murder.

JUDGE—Joseph Jones, you are charged with murder in the first degree. That you murdered John Smith at the Johnson saloon, June 1, 1889. Stand up and be sworn. Are you guilty?

JONES—No, sir; I am innocent. Rum did it.

JUDGE—Let us hear your deposition.

Smith and I, and several more,
About the first of June,
Were standing near the gangway door,
In Johnson's red saloon.

And Smith was quite a friend of mine;
He often went my bail,
And like a brother, paid the cost,
To keep me out of jail.

That day a resolution passed
That every man should treat,
And Smith was all the sober man
I saw about the street.

I mind he came to me to say:
The marshal's on your track;
You ought to scamper right away;
We ought not to come back.

When Smith admonished us to go,
My brain was all on fire;
I treated him just like a foe,
By calling him a liar.

They say I fired the fatal shot
That laid my brother low;
Be this the very truth or not,
I swear I do not know.

JUDGE—Please take the prisoner from the stand,
It's not what others say;
For since he does not know himself,
He has no right to say.

JONES—Not yet, your Honor, Jones replied,
I've not told all I know;
You made me swear to this, he cried,
I must before I go.

JUDGE—Go on and tell your story, then,
If any rendered aid,
We want the whole complicity,
Of every form and shade.

JONES—If I have murdered Mister Smith,
I am not alone to blame.
I have some partners in my crime
I think I ought to name.

The grocer on the corner there,
A sober man was he;
'Twas he I got the pistol of,
He loaned it unto me.

The greatest partner in my crime
Was that accursed fire.
It lost me all the friend I had,
By calling him a liar.

My blood was heated boiling hot,
And frenzied grew my brain;

My partners legalize the fire
And vote it to remain.

Not he alone who kindles fire
Will burn your houses down.
No fiend, except the firy one,
Will e're consume your town.

Close up the liquid fire of hell,
That burned and crazed my brain.
John Smith would be alive and well,
And love and peace would reign.

Then send your heralds fourth abroad;
Send men that will not tire,
To spread alarm and cry aloud:
Behold the smoke and fire.

JUDGE—This is a complicated case,
When legal lore is learned;
And till the next October term,
The court will stand adjourned.

The Dove.

Say did'st thou hear that note of love,
And did'st thou feel its thrill,
Descending from the ark above,
When all the world was still?

It speaks the sadness of a heart,
Of unrequited love,
And strikes you like some evil dart,
Sent from the courts above.

It was the cooing doves refrain,
To chide us from our wrong;
To win and woe us back again,
With such a plantive song.

To Noah, in his prison ark,
Thy solace of his grief.
The only proof a land was found,
One simple olive leaf.

Not like the raven sent abroad
To find some island near.
He only proved himself a fraud,
And brought no word of cheer.

But at our Lord's baptismal day,
As token of his love,
The opening heavens seem to say,
(Descending from above):

This is my well beloved son,
Of whom I'm pleased to tell;

My light for darkness, life for death;
My substitute for hell.

A happy record thou hast made,
And thou hast earned it well.
Thy cooings fill the everglade,
The mountain, field and dell.

The peacock makes a gaudy show,
But has no tune for song.
The discord of the owl and crow,
Are both too loud and long.

The raven screeches for his prey;
A scavenger at best.
The ostrich has the sense to lay,
But not to make a nest.

The nightingale can sing, it's true,
And makes it every pop;
But he's just like some preaching folks,
That don't know when to stop.

Of all the birds that rend the air,
And spread their wings above;
Among the beautiful and fair,
We're partial to the dove.

Secrecy.

Jesus answered him: I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret have I said nothing.—John xviii-20.

So said the vicegerant of God unto man,
To qunch all the darkness with light is my plan;
And utter the secrets and bring to the light
The deep hidden mysteries fourth from the night.

All dark combinations, and organs and trusts,
Are shadows of darkness that foster our lusts.
The germ of dark ages, like weeds in our soil,
Still grow without culture, demanding no toil.

The man that stalks out by the moon for his light,
And locks himself up with his neighbors at night,
And pledges his honor, his virtue, his life,
To keep all their secrets and not tell his wife.

It's plain as the nose on an African's face,
Some selfish ambition is prompting the race.

Samarian lepers were counted as tramps,
Who went where the Syreans deserted their camps.

And feasted and drank all their stomachs would hold,
And then went to hiding the silver and gold.
They feel a reproof and are ready to say:
Some judgment will follow for doing this way.

They copied the selfishness shown by the pig,
And streak of dishonesty under the wing.
Such people forget, as they ponder and pray,
That secretly Jesus had nothing to say.

And men who are walking to-day in the light,
Will stumble and fall if they walk in the night.
Remember, my brethren, that Jesus has said:
It should not be under a bushel or bed.

Come out from the dens of the bats and the owls,
Where midnight assassins in secrecy prowls.
And the toil through the day shall prepare thee for rest,
And thy slumbers at night will be hallowed and blest.

Why came up the moon for the darkness of night,

When daylight will usher its shining so
bright?
Away with thy compass, and down with
thy square,
Thy chapter when read, let us utter a
prayer.

That we block not the way we should enter,
but aim
To lead on the cripples, the blind and
the lame.
More often it's mental disorder they bear,
And sigh for a word of thy kindness to
share.

The Unseen.

Behold, I see the heavens opened and the son of man standing on the right hand of God.—Stephen.

Did'st thou ever think and wonder
In thy closet all alone,
Of the friendship torn asunder,
And departed spirits flown?

Can they, do they come and see us?
Do they know our joys and sighs?
Can they from our troubles free us?
Do they with us sympathize?

From the portals high above us,
When we wear a crown of joy,
Do their spirits fail to love us
Less when mixed with an alloy?

When Elisha prayed that vision
Might illume his servants eyes,
Banishing his indecision
With the armies of the skies.

The petition of the prophet
Was not for an army corps;
But that God would change his vision,
For they all were there before.

Skeptic sister, doubting brother,
Foes conspire to hem thee in.
Ope thine eyes and see another,
Able to compete with sin.

Mountains full of chariot horses,
Fire consuming round about.
Ahaziah's fifty corses,
Spread their lime and ashes out.

Who can stand before His armies;
Who can bear His chastening rod;
Who will dare to brook the vengeance
Of an all-avenging God?

But the subject we are treating
Is to glance at the unseen.
Are there persons we are meeting
Of another mould and mien?

If Elisha prays tomorrow
That our eyes be opened wide,
Could we see the chariot horses
And the armies at His side?

If our enemies should stone us,
Should we then like Stephen die?
Would our Heavenly Father own us
With a vision from the sky?

If from Pisgah's height we sally,
Down the mountain to the grave,
Would our death the armies rally,
And arch-angels come to save?

That a few have come it's certain;
Come to Abraham and Lot;
Come to fire the bush of Moses
And to consecrate the spot.

Come to comfort Zacharias;
Come to warn his wife as well,

Of the coming of Elias
And his mission to foretell.

Come to tell the Blessed Virgin,
And at last a heavenly host,
Sing the anthem of Redemption,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Still we long, and look, and listen.
Is the voice so low and still?
Ears grow deaf and eyes to glisten
For the echo of his will.

Shut thine eyes and stop thy seeing,
Train thy mind in faith to see.
That One Omnipresent Being
Who will aid and comfort thee.

A Story From the American First Class Book.

There's a cavern in islandic Tonga;
Its found in the southern Pacific.
A nobleman found by diving,
But rendered his secret speciffic.

He found when he entered the mansion,
A secret but happy retreat,
And thought of a beautiful damsel
Who lives at the turn of the street.

Her father had made insurrection,
But some one his secret betrayed.
The governor made the detection,
And death was the price that he paid.

The edict came down to his daughter,
For all of his people must die.
A nobleman came and besought her,
To trust him and with him to fly.

They fled to the beach, and the boatman
Was ready and quick with his oar,
And when they were near to the cavern,
They sank and he saw them no more.

He sailed to an island in secret;
His friends would the wonder descry.
They counted him mad at the parting,
And sighed when they bade him good by.

Are there no ladies in Tonga
That you must go off to Fiji?
"Be quiet, my friend," said the lover,
"I'll take me one out of the sea."

And then he commanded the captain
To down with the anchor, while he
Went down in the search of a mermaid,
And brought her up out of the sea.

They sailed to the islands of Fiji,
And staid 'till the governor died.
They longed for their home on the Tonga,
And then he returned with his bride.

The Home of My Childhood.

The home of my childhood, the land of my
birth,
Where center the fond recollections of
earth,
The mountains that shone like a cloud or a
dome,
Too fruitful of danger for childhood to
roam.
The river o'ershadowed with poplar and
pine,
And brushwood o'erhung with the rich
muskadine,
An artful aquatic, I plunged in thy brim,
'Twas there that my father first taught me
to swim.

And there as an angler I sat on the shore,
An eel and a shiner were mine and no more.
Ah well I remember—will never forget—
The day when the fish tried to get in my
net.
They seemed to be watching that day for
my hook,
And longed to be lodged in the hands of
the cook.
My first was returned to the water, for why?
I'll not get enough for a mess nor a fry.

The second was larger but followed the
first
And others for reasons already rehearsed,
Went back to the water from whence were
taken,

And so the young fisherman dined upon bacon.
The brook was more shallow and down by the trees
I rolled up my pantaloons over my knees,
But behold! I forgot there was three of us then,
Who longed for the time we should get to be men.

But it came and we parted; each found him a mate,
And each found a home and a landed estate,
And each left the river, the trees, and the brook,
And each one the home of our fathers forsook.
But where are my equals, the place they are laid,
Is far away now from the place where we played.
Their tongues have grown dumb and their bodies decay,
And their eyes are all blind to the brightness of day.

I fail to discover just how it can be,
When all the ripe fruit has been shook from the tree,
That one so unworthy in days that are past,
In high winds of winter hangs on to the last.

The Mother and Her Dead Lamb.

The shepherd slowly passes by,
A dead lamb in his hand.
He hears the mother's feeble cry,
Say, does she understand?

She follows on at every pace,
She knows it is her lamb;
She looks up in the shepherd's face.
A loving mother dam.

And it was only yesterday
It gamboled at her side.
It rained all night it rains to-day,
The little creature died.

She hovered over her little pet
To shield it from the storm,
She laid her head upon its feet
And tried to keep them warm.

The shepherd's duty was not done,
Say, could he be a saint?
He knew the fold was wet and cold
But deaf to her complaint.

There is an ear to hear the cry,
Although the voice is dumb,
And we must either answer now
Or in the world to come.

Liars.

All liars have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

The facts are too potent to be a surprise,
The children tell fibs and the parents tell lies,
And if Annanias must die for his act,
The death of Sapphira is proof of the fact,
And tho' many liars may live and repent
And mercy, not judgment, was signally sent.
The truth is too plain to admit of disguise,
We can trace them all back to the father of lies.

This sink of deception which leads us astray,
This phantom and mirage one cannot portray.
One false crooked statement demands of you more,
And all such dissembling is laid at your door.
The truth is too straight to lay down by a lie.
You cannot compell them to fit if you try.
The dog and the sorcerer make up a clan
The whore and idolator lead in the van.

But liars, yes all of them, frown in despair,
And all the ungodly are residents there.
But truth can stand upright; she has a good cause
And Mordicai's virtue commands our applause.
We read some old annals or fabulous tales
Of something they call the philosopher's scales.
If I knew how to find them I'm sure I would try;
Put the truth in one end, in the other a lie.
But since we must guess let the truth be as gold,
There's no weight in a lie when the secret is told.

When I Am Dead.

When I am dead the sun and moon
And all the stars I see,
Will shine on city, village, home,
But will not shine on me.

The coral reefs will then have grown
To be the sailor's dread,
And islands that were never known.
I mean when I am dead.

When I am dead the seas and lakes
Will be filled up with soil,
Men there the plow and reaper takes
And spend their days in toil.

The briar and bramble must give place
That nations may be fed,
Our mother must sustain her race
Long after I am dead.

Whem I am dead and swords are sheathed
And men learn war no more,
That happy day the Lord bequeathed
Three thousand years before.

When mighty men subdue the earth,
As holy prophets said,
And peace is valued at its worth—
All this when I am dead.

When I am dead and in my grave,
Say, can my spirit see?
Will all the world be dark as night
And still be dead to me?

The messengers sent here of God,
And all the words they said,
Were present at his beck or nod,
And yet these men were dead.

When I am dead I hope to live
Behind no bolts and bars,
But drink the nectar of the gods
And dwell among the stars.

The armies that the prophet saw,
A mountain full, he said,
Who filled the Syrian camp with awe,
Perhaps had all been dead.

When I am dead and wars have ceased
To marshal foe to foe,
And all the vacant space is full,
Then Gabriel's trump will blow.

And all the nations of the earth
Shall rise as God has said,
The pride of kings, the mean of birth,
Are summoned from the dead.

When I am dead the birds will sing
Just like they sang before,
The cattle mow the grass in spring,
Next fall will call for more.

The boys will drive their teams too fast,
Unless they're better fed.

How can I know when they go past
Because you know I'm dead.

When I am dead 'ere long I'll be,
The young and rising page
Will swap the follies of his youth
For the defects of age.

The church will have its chorister,
By whom the choir is led,
The organ be the leading light
As soon as I am dead.

When I am dead I'll get a ride
In some old curtained hearse;
I did not laugh, I have not cried,
But gave my time to verse.

This requium shall be my last
And here I lay my head,
Weep not for me as you go past,
The old gray bard is dead.

When death has shown my length of days
And this poor tongue is dumb,
I'll be both deaf to blame or praise
In that great world to come.

And here I for my summers wait,
Where friends have made my bed,
Rewarding me this low estate
Because they found me dead.

Harvesting.

There's a harvest for all
On this globular ball,
And success crowns your life in the end.
At the day of your death,
You will struggle for breath,
If you heed not my voice as a friend.

When you stir up the soil,
The success of your toil
Will depend on the seed of your choice;
And a harvest of tares,
The reward of your cares,
If you heed not the sound of my voice.

If its wheat you would raise,
You should never plant maize.
If you sigh for potatoes next fall;
If want to raise flax,
To get rid of your tax,
Then the seed is the secret of all.

Its the father's decree,
From the sea to the sea,
Since the world has been peopled we know,
That the seed of each kind,
Has been strictly designed,
To bring forth the kind that we sow.

And, if this w'll hold good,
And I'm sure that it would,
In morals as well as in seed,
Then why should we swear
'Till we poison the air,
Or boast when we do a bad deed?

If we sow to the storm
  There is cause for alarm;
If we sow to the wind, we shall die.
  For the kind that we sow,
We shall harvest you know,
  And we reap the reward of a lie.

The result of bad seed,
  Is the burr and the weed;
And they never bring cherries or pears.
  And nettles and burrs,
As the season recurs,
  Will be like a harvest of tares.

The Bicycle.

A boy came riding by to-day,
But how you cannot guess.
He rode no roan or dapple bay,
And wore no regal dress.

His speed was like the winged wind,
In rolling thunder blent.
I could not tell the speed he came,
Nor yet how fast he went.

It looked just like some buggy wheel,
On which he got astride.
No horse to pull, no whip or spur,
But straight ahead he hied.

No saddle girth or martingale,
No stable boy or groom,
He rode like Sinbad on his bird,
Or witch upon her broom.

I thought of Gilpin's wedding ride,
We hear old Cowper tell,
And if our lad would seek a bride.
We truly wish him well.

Then let us sing, "long live the king,"
And Arthur long live he;
Next time he flies to win a prize,
May you be there to see.

Jephthah.

Poor Jephthah was an orphan boy;
  His brothers cast him out,
And drove him from his father's house,
  And thus it came about.

Although his father loved the boy,
  And sought to do him good,
His brothers kept a racket up,
  And all because they could.

His mother was a concubine,
  And hence the trouble came.
The younger brothers drove him off,
  And had to bear the blame.

But Jephthah was a mighty man:
  And led a daring throng,
And soon he learned to lead the van,
  Of all who came along.

But Jephthah's brothers went to war
  And failed to gain the day;
They sent to bring their brother back,
  If he would came and stay.

He came and led their army out,
  To victory and praise;
And now they own his leadership,
  And mend their crooked ways.

Just like the rock the builders spurned,
  He found his place at last.
The lesson that his brothers learned,
  We copy from the past.

Chewing Gum.

If you should see a maiden fair,
You should never stand and stare,
Mayhap she'd make you half a pair,
And you may get her in your snare
With chewing gum

I see her coming on the walk,
Her mouth too full to plainly talk,
I'm sure it is neither bread nor chalk,
My guess is true without a balk,
Its chewing gum.

Its one of old dame nature's laws,
She has a right to wag her jaws,
It is her winning way that draws,
But I am slow to own the cause,
Its chewing gum.

I always love a modest maid.
I'm half in love and half afraid,
I'd volunteer her friendly aid.
And yet I could not love the jade,
With chewing gum.

And yet it's in the critic's sight,
Just as proper and as right,
To gratify her appetite,
And let her husband have a bite,
Of chewing gum.

I want to put in the news,
And make no secret of my views,
And men may blame me if they chose,
But I would rather have the blues,
Than chewing gum.

But this I say to friend or chum,
That I'd much rather chew the gum,
Than let norcotics ever come
Upon my tongue until its dumb,
I'd rather have the chewing gum.

You ought to hear my wife protest,
But truly I have done my best,
And used the talent I possessed,
And to the world I leave the rest
And chewing gum.

Tilda Fisher.

My wife and I strolled out together,
To enjoy the walk and weather;
For a banquet was preparing,
At our end of walk and airing,
This eclat to which we centered,
Bowed us in before we entered;
Who is here and what the action,
And what the center of attraction?
One there was much like a fairy,
Graceful step but light and airy,
Showed the genius of a leader,
Some with nuts and candy feed her;
It beats the world of fact and fiction,
Her beauty brooks no contradiction:
Each piercing eye both looks and lingers
At blazing diamonds on her fingers;
Her form, her hair and her complexion
Invite the critic to inspection.
Your gazing eye can hardly miss her,
While lips have half a mind to kiss her.
"Say who is this from whence or whither,
Or bowers of Eden comes she hither;"
All this I asked but got no answer,
Then turned my eyes from the entrancer.
The banquet o'er and she was missing,
For all I know she got no kissing;
From whence she came I got no showing,

Nor did I learn where she was going.
Two days later we were walking,
Both my wife and I, and talking.
In the suburbs of the city
Both of foolish things and witty;
As we passed some Nigger quarters
There we saw two freedmen daughters,
One they said was Tilda Fisher,
And the poet—her well-wisher;
Now they show a mind to greet us
And their happiness to meet us;
Here they lived and this their dwelling,
And here their virtue they were selling;
Men were bringing them their jewels
And its here they fight their duels;
Here Matilda tells her trials,
Why should she have self denials?
My mother was my father's valet,
We all slept on one bed or pallet;
He said one day we should be free
For we were whiter far than he;
My father said we both were queens
Before I ever reached my teens,
And here I may as well confess
He loved me more, my mother less,
And now our home finds an invader
In a cursed Nigger trader.
Yes, that day he sold my mother,
Her bill of sale gave to another,
And now mother's gone forever,
Shall I fill her place?—no never!
Some forty miles a nigger led me
And two long years he came and fed me
Down in Mississippi's valleys,
Where the hound and hunter rallies,
Where my raiment must be taken,
And my lunch of bread and bacon,

Where our bed of leaves and mosses
Must be hid from hunting bosses,
But when Lincoln's proclamation
Sounded through this wicked nation,
Then I told my nigger waiter
We'd defer our marriage later,
For my mind was so much bigger
That I could not wed a nigger;
Then I wandered back to Macon
Whence my exit had been taken.

Keep Your Word With Children.

I often remember when I was a youth,
A sad little story I'll tell,
To show the importance of telling the truth,
To the old, and the children as well.

A poor little boy had forsaken his home,
The reason he gave was abuse,
For food and for shelter he said he had come,
And to beg for a season of truce.

My father on learning from whence he had fled,
Decided the boy must return,
But he cried and we saw by the bent of his head,
That he a sad lesson must learn.

My uncle who happened there just at the time
Was ready to render his aid,
And they hurried him off like a convict for crime,
While this one petition he made:

"That you promise to not let him whip me again,
A thing that I know he will do;"
I heard them deliver their pledges like men.
But they faltered in keeping them true.

I'll never forget the impression that hid
In my mind at my father's return,
When I asked if he whipped him he said
that he did,
A lesson for fathers to learn.

If childred tell lies its no wonder they do,
They get the example at home,
What we say to our children should ever be
true,
Inviting them onward to come.

But home is the place for the child to abide,
If we have any friends they are there,
Where the cords of affection should ever
betide,
By bonds of devotion and prayer.

The Morning.

Yes, this one was born of the sun,
I saw it the hour of its birth;
The work of the night has been done,
And darkness has gone from the earth.

The farmers will follow their plows,
Conductors look after their trains,
And dairymen see to their cows,
And bankers look after their gains.

The doctors will peddle their pills,
And limbs that are broken will mend;
In all of humanity's ills,
Will mimic the part of a friend.

The preachers will help you to live,
And get you up out of the fogs.
Provided you cross on their bridge,
If not you may go to the dogs.

Mechanics will delve at their toil,
Unless they indulge in a strike,
And misers will pocket the spoil,
And pay you whatever they like.

And teachers who manage the schools,
Will squeeze every man till he begs,
They know their employers are fools,
They would kill the old goose for her eggs.

But people who run the saloons,
With whom will their blackness compare?
To men who will dance at their tunes,
Whose voting is keeping them there.

We grant you no license to sin,
By this we should champion your cause,
The ballot is where to begin
Our end in correcting the laws.

Lines on the Reading of Moore's Lalla Rookh.

Well, Thomas, thy poem don't suit me,
It strains all the links of my ken;
I'll get some free-booter to boot me
If ever I read it again.

AGAIN.

Thy poem Thomas is so very deep,
I could not fathom it or get a peep,
Into the meaning of thy eppic song,
It may therefore be right or may be wrong;
Its shallow places were so very thin,
I tried in vain to get all over in.
Excuse the folly of a truant pen,
I'll see it shall not do the thing again,
Or if it does I'll keep it from my book,
But still I do not fancy Lalla Rookh.

Mountain Meadow Massacre.

In 1857 it was first announced in Salt Lake City that a large emigrant party from Missouri and Arkansas had entered the valley on their way to California.

As soon as the announcement was made a command was issued by the president of the Morman church that nothing was to be sold to any member of the party on penalty of death. This emigration consisted of good families, and their train was one of the largest and richest that had ever crossed the plains.

The value of the wagons, horses and stock alone was said to be worth $300,000 and the women of the party had rich and full wardrobes and elegant and costly jewelry. They were all murdered by the Mormon leaders and a few Indians and all their property confiscated.

But they left the Salt City in sorrow,
Appeals for supplies were rejected,
And with scarce enough food for the morrow,
Moved out to a camping selected.

The mountains with meadows between them,
Overlooked their secluded retreat,
With no hand but their maker's between them,
The wrath of the Mormans must meet.

The women preparing the breakfast,
The men looking after the stock,
Not thinking that danger was near them,
No one was prepared for the shock.

When seven fell dead at the signal,
And death was their portion or lot,
And wagons and horses for earthworks,
Resounded with powder and shot.

The Mormans and Indians as vassels,
Projected their cruel crusade,
Commanding the mountains and castles,
They led their unholy brigade.

And Lee made the Indians a proffer,
Of blankets and clothing and arms,
Who readily grasped at the offer,
And led to the place of alarms.

Some Indians were wounded in battle
Whom Old Bishop Higby would save,
Annointing with oil* from a bottle
They died in the hands of a knave.

Four days of a seige they encountered,
But water was all to the foe,
And 'tho it was near it was guarded,
And death was for all that would go.

And two little girls were commissioned,
And dressed like a garland of snow,
To bring them the needed subsistance,
But died at the hands of the foe.

Three men of the bravest and daring,
Now offered to run the blockade,

But danger so great and so glaring
Forbid the attempt to be made.

They signaled an hour of devotion,
A white haired old Methodist prayed,
And in the turmoil and commotion,
Those three were commissioned for aid.

'Tho they fled yet their wary pursuers,
Were hard on their heels like a hound,
As if they had been evil doers,
And when overtaken shot down.

A wagon of white men is coming
One holds a white flag in his hand
The Mormans and Lee as their leader
And Indians obey his command.

And now that the danger is ended,
And Lee† takes their arms of defense,
They step from the place they defended,
Again they are free from suspense.

Their raptures of joy at their freedom,
Abounded in shouting and prayers,
But Lee was intending to bleed um,
And feed them to wolves and to bears.

Then, halt! was the cry of the leader,
And fire the command that he sent,
And Brigham the foul instigator
Of crimes he should ever repent.

They fell, yes they fell altogether,
One hundred and thirty-three perished,
And there their bones bleach in the
weather,
To mock at the hopes that they cherished.

Some spots there may be that's enchanted,
Some meadows in mountains and passes,
But if there's a place to be haunted,
Its this one of mountains and grasses.

*Consecrated oil.

†John D. Lee Indian agent and Mormon leader.

Night Thoughts.

I sing the mighty power of God,
Where haughty hearts are humbled,
Where mitered kings and crowned heads
To dust and ashes crumbled.

Elijah brings his mantle down
And Jordan skips before him,
And he who said his name was Jah,
Spread oil of gladness o'er him.

And Moses at the burning bush,
Before Jehovah trembled,
And Babylon before her God
From all her glory tumbled.

And David 'tho a shepherd boy,
Inspired the world with wonder,
While daring deeds of greater men
Made all their lives a blunder.

Mid all the rising tide of thought
Each happy one infuses
A ray of hope from heaven brought
For all the merry muses.

The name the haughty soldier gets,
For all his deeds of boldness;
His brassy coat and epaulets,
Meet the reward of coldness.

But if you want a work in life,
In which the Lord will bless you,
A worthy husband, happy wife,
To fondle and caress you.

And if you wish to die in peace,
When friends shall gather 'round you,
And earth goes back again to earth
Where God and nature found you.

Seek not some hidden mystic way,
Where lofty ladders lead you,
But daily seek to watch and pray,
That God will clothe and feed you.

If thou should see my mantle fall,
Please take it up and wear it,
It proves a covert unto all
Who bravely hoist and bear it.

Then be thy bed of eider down,
Thy walk among the roses,
Thy home amid some fairy town,
The poet presupposes.

Old Mose.

Application for a pension to —— Jones.

Say, Frank, its a kind of a pity;
I'm pleading the cause of old Mose,
'Tho old and infirm and a cripple,
And went through the war to its close.

He ne'er turned his back to the rebels;
'Tho crippled he never was taken;
Tho honest was never promoted,
And now he is old and forsaken.

The noise and the smoke of the battle,
Were meant for the death of the foe;
Was made of the toughest of metal,
And willingly offered to go.

No furlough was ever demanded,
No hospital needed by Mose;
With cowardice never was branded,
But got a discharge at the close.

Now Frank you should give him a pension,
For why should his country forsake him?
And if there's a home for the soldiers,
They ought to come over and take him.

The above is written to retain in the memory of Fairmount people the familiar figure of "Old Mose" the mule owned by the Payne family, which went through the w ar, and is living at this time.

The Drunken Switch Tender.

Old Jinkins was worth half a million,
Had a bank and a store and a daughter;
He was hitching his team at the station
To take the girl home if they brought her.

She had been off to school for the season,
And that was the time for returning,
When Brown interviewed him a moment,
And begged for a tithe of his earning.

A speaker had been to their village,
To speak against rum and its terrors,
He begged for a trifle to pay him
For showing the people their errors.

Old Jinkins replied I don't touch it,
It don't interfere with my pocket,
It's nothing to do with my business;
I never shall fight it or rock it.

But what ails the agent I wonder?
He whispers and seems so excited,
The wires bring the news of a blunder,
The train is derailed and ignited.

The switchman neglected his business;
The train rushed upon them like magic,
And rum was the agent that did it,
A holocaust ended the tragic.

When Jinkins first heard of the slaughter,
His wail makes me think of the dying,
My daughter! Oh, give me my daughter!
We wept at the sound of his crying.

Did rum interfere with his business?
Did it let him alone at his home?
It's poison has taken his daughter,
While Jinkins will cavil for rum.

Beware.

Beware my young brother, beware,
There's a pit for thy feet,
There's a slide in the street,
Beware my young brother, beware.

Then be patient and wait
There's a hook in the bait;
There's a scheme for thy fall and a snare,
There's a serpent to bite,
And the dangers at night,
And thy safety alone is in prayer.

'Tho the heavens may fall,
And the earth be a scroll;
And death be abroad in the air,
There is safety for all,
On this globular ball,
Then why shouldst thou fail to beware.

Let the maid with her song
Shun the way that is wrong,
Couple virtue and beauty with care.
Better have a wry face
Than to die in disgrace,
Oh, then, let the maiden beware.

I Dreamed.

I dreamed we knocked at heaven's gate
Altho' it stood ajar,
They told us we would have to wait,
We don't know who you are.
I told the keeper all my crimes
Were cancelled long ago,
You heard my prayer a thousand times,
You surely ought to know.
My brother who was standing by
Was smitten with chagrin,
That we should knock at heaven's gate
And could not enter in.
The keeper looked the record up,
But could not find a blot,
He said there must be some neglect,
Some little thing forgot.
He queried if I knew the cause
My brother's way was blocked,
I answered, "Yes, he never showed
Just how a Christian walked."
The keeper then inquired of him
Just what he thought of me,
He answered, "He stands pretty fair,
And yet we can't agree."
It's that that's in your way my friend,
You block each other's road;
A helping hand each other lend,
And bear each other's load.
The gate will then be open wide,
And you can then come in,
Your brother serve you as a guide
Without the guilt of sin.

What is a Gambler, Pa?

A gambler is the one who says:
"The world's in debt to me,
It owes the cigars that I smoke
Without reward or fee."

He thinks the world should foot the bill
For all he eats and drinks,
And dress him like a dandy dude,
If I know what he thinks.

That Winslow's livery should give
A free and easy ride
To him and every foolish girl
That cuddles by his side.

He calls the bee a foolish bug
Because she earns her store,
And throws away his cigar stump
And wants to bet for more.

His harvest is a work of night,
When like a wolf he prowls,
He shuns the path that leads aright
To dwell with bats and owls.

And conscience is a word of doubt,
He never gives a thought,
He lives a drone and dies a lout,
And is not worth a grout.

He's in the body politic,
A blemish and a spot,
And like the deadly upas tree
Decaying with dry rot.

By the Rivers of Babylon.

By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down,
And we wept when we thought upon Zion,
The spoil of our city the wreck of our town
With no home or bed we can lie on.
Our harps on the willows we hang with dispair,
We can play them no more in our sorrow,
As bondmen and captives our trust is in prayer,
That light will be sent us to-morrow.
They ask us to sing and require of us mirth,
But our harps will remain on the willow,
The rivers of Babylon mock at our birth
And we shrink from the rage of their billows.
If I do not remember the land of my birth,
Then my hand shall forget all her cunning
And my tongue shall grow fast to the roof of my mouth,
And rivers all cease in their running.
The Lord will remember how Edom threw down
Our walls to molest and alarm us,
Oh, daughter of Babylon marred is thy crown,
And brief thy permission to harm us.

The Noble Basket Maker.

In the introduction of the English reader, an antiquated book, is the story of Lucetta, who had given her hand to a young man of wealth, but as the transaction must first be ratified by her father he accordingly applied for his consent.

"What is your means for her support?"
Her father asked and smiled;
"My father is the judge at court,
And I'm his only child."

"You do not comprehend my wish,
Your father's gold may fly,
Invading armies fight and push,
And we must work or die.

"If you would seek my daughter's hand,
You shall not be denied;
Go learn some handicraft and come
And she shall be thy bride."

He learned the basket maker's trade,
And then to prove his skill,
Next time he went to see the maid
As proof of his good will

He brought his basket forth to show;
Lucetta liked it well,
And then she got consent to go,
For so the legends tell.

But war, the cruel fiend of war,
Her father's fear and dread,
Soon overrun the land again,
And all their wealth had fled.

But now her husband has a trade,
On this they all rely,
And all the baskets that he made,
Procures a good supply.

Let girls who think they ought to wed,
Or housewife's life aspire,
Learn how to make and bake their bread,
And perfect their attire.

Let beardless boys who think they know
More than their fathers do,
Bring out your specimens to show
You can do something too.

Will Roberts.

Will Roberts was cross to his wife,
And used her so mean that she sued him.
They sent him to jail for the strife,
When there and the jailer had viewed him
He found him as drunk as a fool,
He could not tell which from the other,
Bill or the government tool,
For one was as drunk as another.
The jailer invited them in,
And locked them both up till the morrow
Next morning their trials begin,
The jailer was deaf to their sorrow.
Each claiming the constable's coat,
And with it the bill of committal,
Each earning the name of a bloat,
And each were demanding acquittal.
Which got I do not pretend
Is any concern of mine,
I give the advice as a friend,
Nor care if they both be confined.
The party that gave them the rum,
Is guilty we cannot deny,
And preachers had better be dumb,
Than be a saloonists ally.
If Christians can aid or abet
Such blackness and keep it afloat,
I pity the Christian if yet
He aids the saloon by his vote.

A Gift.

On the reception of a beautiful staff made of glass, by Edward Seigle, and presented to the author Oct. 25th, 1890.

Many thanks to thee my brother,
For thy friendly token,
Lest I never get another
May it ne'er be broken.

And since its only made to show,
I'll get some ribbon dressing,
And hang it in my studio,
A treasure worth possessing.

And may'st thou live a life of trust,
And free from all complaining,
And like the Bible says we must,
All evil deeds distaining.

And mayst thou mould a record clear,
Bright as the staff thou made me,
And find a wife to love and cheer,
In virtue's ways pursuade thee.

And may the journey's end be bright
With many blessings given,
And God will make thy burden light,
And take thee home to heaven.

Whittier.

Why on the willow hang thy harp?
My father, bard or brother,
An evening song can do no wrong,
We pray thee sing another.

I've often whiled away the hours,
At shadows of the eve'n,
And plucked thy poems gaudy flowers,
With thoughts of God and Heaven.

I wondered how it came to pass,
Or do the poets vary,
Thou hast not found a laughing lass,
Or seen a Highland Mary.

For Byron when he was a page
Like Sampson by Delilah,
Was led a captive on the stage
And made a victim slyly.

But Mary Chaworth found a man,
A better one it may be,
But all the good it done the Lord
He got to kiss the baby.*

And Moore was slain by Lalla Rookh,
And Burns by Highland Mary;
The pointed arrows Cupid took
Resulted quite contrary.

How didst thou ward off all his darts,
Or did he never shoot thee,
Or didst thou never see a maid
To just exactly suit thee?

The sacred bard was seared and scarred,
Like some ignoble yeomen,
But fell like Sampson at the feet
Of one voluptuous woman.

I hope it will not be amiss,
And yet I fear it may be,
But if thou hast no child to kiss,
Then kiss some other baby.

But Whittier thou survivest long
The storm that blows around thee,
A million voices chant thy song,
Whose coronation crowned thee.

And when thy fading stalk shall fall
At some still hush of eve'n,
And thou shall answer to thy call,
May'st thou go home to heaven

*See Byron's Poems: "Well thou Art Mappy."

On the Fugitive Slave Law.

Written some years before the war.

So changed is the form of our laws,
We vainly may ask for redress,
Or shrink from humanity's cause,
And wail of a brother's distress.

Our houses are furnished within,
Our tables are loaded with meat;
The Bible would call it a sin
Not asking the stranger to eat.

But tyrants have welded a chain,
And bound heavy burdens so much,
On shoulders that cannot complain,
They scorn with their fingers to touch.

The chains have broken in twain,
And burdens have fell to the ground,
'Tho many have struggled in vain,
But some a free nation have found.

I'll succor the strangers whose lot
Is cast in the land of my home,
Rembering that such as will not,
May look for a judgement to come.

Virginia much cause for thy shame,
Thy servants have labored all day,
The night and the Sabbath to claim,
So poorly rewarded are they.

True darkness has covered the earth
Gross darkness the people thereon,
And what is our liberty worth
Till fetters and chains are withdrawn.

Carolina thou land of dispair,
The wail of thy slave and his cry,
Are uttered while making his prayer,
And heard in the palace on high.

Why shrink from the shadow of good?
Reformers why drive from thy land
Preferring the vengence of God
To justice required at thy hand.

I traversed thy hills and thy dales,
Thy mountains and deserts of sand,
Where nothing but darkness prevails,
And gloominess covers thy land.

Thy fields are so barren and poor,
Enclosures so rude and ill made,
Beholders may ever be sure
Thy tenants are never repaid.

We cannot do right and comply
With what we regard as a flaw;
I speak for myself and deny,
So bow to the fugitive law.

The Kansas Blizzard.

Way up in Monitoba's hills,
Near Montezuma tower,
Was born a little hurricane
Of twenty miles an hour.

It waked the people up at night,
In upper Minnesota.
The elements were in a fight
In crossing o'er Dakota.

A little snow began to show
Way up about Alaska,
But filled the valleys even full
In Kansas and Nebraska.

The chickens up at Broken Bow,
Were frozen to the gizzard;
It barely left enough to crow
So dreadful was the blizzard.

A friend of mine went off to school,
To bring his children over;
His team fell in a drift of snow
And never could recover.

But when the tempest ceased to beat,
He found their frozen corses,
He saved his children and himself,
But lost his noble horses.

Another man was keeping sheep,
Out on the open prairie,
And could not get them to their cote
The wind was so contrary.

They piled themselves up in a heap:
Two hundred of them smothered,
And of his hundred living sheep,
But few of them recovered.

It blew till it was out of breath,
And panted like a lizzard.
And when it blew its self to death,
It perished like a blizzard.

The Whittler.

You know the place he loitered last
By his tobacco spittle,
A cigar stump was near the place
Where he sat down to whittle.

And something lay upon the ground
Not larger than a cracker;
What was the nasty thing I found?
A quid of his tobacco.

And when he goes to church, alas,
You wonder not a little,
To find the truth developing,
He went to church to whittle.

He carves his name upon the seat
And maketh no confession.
It is the seat and not his heart
Receiving an impression.

He for the boxes on the street
Cares not a jot or tittle.
From morning until wane of day
He loiters there to whittle.

And now he thinks its nearly time
His lordship ought to marry,
He feels about and learns the fact
His upper lip is hairy.

But at the leanness of his purse
He wonders not a little.
O, he would work, but not a man
Will hire a man to whittle.

He chews and burns his nickels up,
And times are hard, he mutters;
But hardness fastens on this man
For every word he utters.

Go save thy wasted time and means,
Why should thou so belittle
Thy manhood image of thy God
Persisting still to whittle!

Ben Franklin's Visit.

Ben Franklin tamed the lightning's flight
And fountain of electric light;
Then left it in its embryo
The great Celestial word to know.
Perhaps you would be glad to learn
Of the Philosopher's return,
And how he came one night to see
And set himself down beside of me.
I thought about the whistle toy
He bought when he was but a boy;
"I came," he said, "my honored sir,
While on my way to Jupiter,
Where a collision did occur."
"Pray stop," said I, "that I may show
The great improvements here below."
Less than a century ago;
While I my visitor escort
The iron horse is heard to snort,
And now we see him stopping short;
We enter, seat us side by side,
I think it cannot be denied
We had a most exquisite ride,
Says Ben, "what means those poles I see,
As tall and straight as they can be,
And wires to hold them like a tree?"
"It is the telegraphic ease
With which we compass land and seas,
And all the things of which we prate
On them we can communicate."

"Maybe," said he, "and yet the poles
Across Atlantic's depths and shoals,
Would have to be both tall and strong
And would not keep their places long."
"We set no poles across the deep,
The wires upon the bottom sleep,
The sea cow doth their vigil keep."
A sudden darkness overspread
On either side and overhead,
And Ben in consternation said,
"Where is the sun and why all this,
And pray what can it be amiss?"
"Be not alarmed my friend," I said,
"We have a mountain overhead."
And having reached our journey's end
We stop and from the car decend.
The agent said we'd have to wait
The home-bound train was coming late;
"Not so my friend, I'm off, kind sir,
I'm on my way to Jupiter:
Your plodding ways are all too slow
For me when e'er I want to go."
I could not show him Edison,
He would not wait to see his son,
So here impatiently I wait
Because the train is coming late.

The Bow in the Clouds.

Cheer up my dear brother tho' clouded the sky,
And cyclone and tempest pass hurriedly by,
The midnight of darkness, the absence of day,
Is known to the pilgrim that passes this way.
But hark! for I hear, tho' the tempest is loud,
Behold! I have placed thee a bow in the cloud.

Tho' friends should betray thee and treat with distain,
The Friend of the friendless will comfort again;
There is sight for the blind, there is life for the dead,
Look upward, my brother whose comforts have fled.
Let us bow to the fate of a banquet or shroud,
For Jehovah has placed us a bow in the cloud.

The wine of the kingdom is painted above,
The blood of the Martyr the proof of his love,
The purple hued robe, and the cross that he bore,
Are there as a proof He will suffer no more.
Why fear in the future, God thunders aloud,
Behold! I have placed thee a bow in the cloud.

Ye bondsmen, like Joseph, whom freedom desire,
But passing through furnaces heated with fire,
Tho' the wiles of thy mistress, Delilahs protray
There is light in thy window, look upward and pray,
For to saint and to sinner, to humble and proud,
God gives all a blessing, his bow in the cloud.

The fame of Delilah shall sink to a blot,
The name of the wicked shall crumble and rot;
Look down and behold what a rust and a blight,
But we cannot discover the depth of the night;
Look up with the faith that thy God has allowed.
And join in the song of the bow in the cloud.

Fairmount.

Fairmount is a thriving town
Of near two thousand people,
With no saloon to drag us down,
Or show, or theatre, or clown,
But many a church and steeple.

With an academy to boast;
Now can we be the lesser?
And we array a learned host
Of teachers standing at their post,
As well as a professor.

Our merchants have our best respect,
Clear of all double dealing,
They have our purses to protect,
And warn us if we should neglect
To pay without appealing.

Our doctors, take them as a whole,
Are clever fellows truly;
Would save your body and your soul,
That's if your under their control,
And pay them prompt and duly.

Our parsons are a chosen few
For pointing men to heaven,
And tell us how we ought to do
And how to covenant anew,
But money must be given.

Our bankers st anding at the till
To tell how much your owing.
The secret of your good or ill
Depends upon your banking bill,
And here you get your showing.

Our factories for making glass
Are thriving institutions,
And Jumbo has a world of gas,
And so it always comes to pass
It pays for contribution.

Our mills that grind our grain and logs,
Our planers and excelsior,
And shipping men who buy our hogs,
Keep all their business clear of fogs,
And do their duty well sir.

War.

What makes man love the drum and fife?
What makes him barter off his life?
Forsake his children and his wife?
Its war!

What makes them fail to say their prayers?
With ire and hate become betrayers,
And forage where it is not theirs,
In war!

We disregard our equal rights,
Decide our quarrels by our fights;
Hyenas glut their appetites,
In war!

Say, in this boasted land of light—
Can we determine what is right—
Appealing only to our might
And war?

If so, then Herod's massaere,
With bloody Mary have a plea
Undying as eternity
For war!

Why is it we endow our schools
And force upon them rigid rules?
Shame on such educating tools
For war!

The mother weeps her briny tears,
The widow's wailings reach our ears;
Alas! their dead ones found no biers
In war.

For in the foreign lands of foes
Unburied are the bones of those
Whose flesh and blood fed carrion crows
In war.

And while the eagle flaps his wing
Let soldiers wear no brassy thing;
While cooings of the dove shall sing
No war.

Though all my feelings run to song,
I must not make my story long
And mar the truth or laud the wrong
Of war.

O, God of mercy, show thy power;
Pray hasten on the day and hour
When sword no longer shall devour
In war.

Smokers.

I set me down this afternoon and take my
slender gander quill,
And dip it in the pale blue ink that's set-
ting on the window sill.
I have a word or two to say, and be my
subject quaint or new,
I want to tell you what I've seen the smok-
ers of tobacco do.

But first we'll stop and take a view, perhaps
the reader will allow—
The world is dark enough at best, and far
too smoky anyhow.
We often meet upon the street in stations
either high or low
Men like Popocatapel, his mouth a raging
volcano.

That smoky Sodom had her day, the dead-
ness of her sea avers,
And in the rapid flight of time each city
now is having hers.
The lepers of the olden time we learn
from its antiquity,
Were quite a people to themselves and
workers of iniquity.

I think we ought to have a law, some kind
of a security,
To keep the smokers to themselves so great
is their impurity.
They should not be allowed to come and
mingle in society,
Because I ween their nicotine is hard upon
impiety.

And yet their smoke asendeth up to gratify
their vanity,
To feed a morbid appetite, that borders on
insanity.
I asked it of my lyric friend to show the
chewers work and will,
But he no lower can descend and so I'll dry
my gander quill

Endless Misery.

One Jennie Jackson offered a poem in a local paper in defense of universal salvation; the following was my answer in the next week's paper.

Let those who believe God is partial in love.
Speak never again of a heaven above.
And yet an avenger he'll be in his day
We ask an admission, dictating the way.
As thieves and as robbers he told us before
Are those who refuse to go in at the door.
And here God is partial; for such as aspire
To seats at his wedding, will quake at his ire!
How long, Sister Jenny? no mortal can tell
If heaven be endless, the exit to hell—
So long that the rich man who died in his sin,
Would send a commission to preach to his kin;
The gulf was so deep and so wide, that the elf
Possessed not the power to do it himself;
The dragon who fought against Michael and fell,
Is antagonastic as heaven with hell,

When God shall revoke all his former decrees,
And save us tho' sinners, who do as we we please;
And then shall deliver the rebels in chains
He'll pardon all others, as Jennie maintains.
But where is the Protestant man in our day,
Who like a demurrer, would stand in the way?
Yet where is the prophet and where does he say
That sinners would live in the region of day?
And now to the question of how we enjoy
The fountain of blessings? without an alloy.
When parents discover their children are grim,
In oceans of sulphur forever to swim.
So now I will tell you a story to show
The quickest solution of any I know:
A maiden was called with her neighbor to dine,
On meat laden dishes, and goblets of wine,
But when she was seated was heard to declare,
She'd taste not a morsel of anything there
Till all was uncovered, whate'er it should be;
For they must exhibit; and she was to see.
A murmer and mutter was heard from the host,
"This maiden shall never partake of my roast,"
He opened the door and then bade her to go,

Or wait with more patience his dainties to
know.
O Jenny, dear Jenny, pray alter thy tune,
Don't be like the baby that cried for the
moon;
And failing to get it declare like a quean
"That there never was moon or a star to be
seen."

The Parson's "We."

While Quaker John was plowing corn the
Parson from the village
Came near and said that "all our bread is
from your noble tillage.
We have no independent men; I'm here my-
self to borrow.
I want a horse to ride to-day; I'll send him
home to-morrow."

The horse was saddled with dispatch, the
Parson soon astride him;
But ere he landed home again, he found he
could not ride him.
He sent him back and sent a note to tell
what had befell him.
I guess if he had owned the horse, he'd fix
him up and sell him.

"We scarcely reached the timber hill, when
Selim kicked and threw us;
He would not let us ride again but manag-
ed to outdo us."
To which the Quaker made reply: "I'm
sorry for your trouble
Tho' Selim carries one so well, he will not
carry double.

Better Keep a Day Book.

John Symons was handsome and lean,
But forty long summers had sped,
And now, it is plain to be seen,
His leanness was most in his head.

In school he was first in his class,
He dressed like the dude of his day;
In gayest of circles could pass,
Was praised by the great and the gay.

An office was sought and received,
For John was applauded, revered,
I thought, and the people believed
A John with a star had appeared.

We met—I had met him before,
I greeted him kindly, but lo!
He snubbed me because I was poor:
His highness would never be low.

"How long hast thou served Uncle Sam?"
I queried, at last, with a look;
The answer came back like a sham:
"I know not, I'm keeping no book."

But office like this was too mean,
The key of the coffers he sought,
And found, but alas! the machine
By day book had never been taught.

The star of his glory grows pale,
A pity no day book is kept;
But fate had decreed him to fail—
In paths of defaulter he stepped.

Now mercantile glory is sought,
The mart of the cities explored,
The needy and needless are bought,
And neatly and handsomely stored.

And yet it is needless to say,
As day books are stoutly ignored,
It did not and cannot repay,
For justice will send the reward.

And now in the evening of life,
He gives me a civil reply.
The day book is kept by his wife,
With little to do but to die.

A book will be opened at last,
Without the mistake of a dot,
Disclosing the deeds of the past,
If I'm a defaulter or not.

The Church and the World.

Since Cain the tiller of the ground,
Received a mark to wear,
To shield him from an angry foe,
Who had his life to spare.

A mark that's set on every man,
And every woman too
To signalize our duty and
To warn us what to do.

A grand reprieve in coming time;
Construe it as you will,
God's mark is on him yet, and hence,
We have no right to kill.

The war between the church and world,
The martyrs that were slain,
Proclaim our disregard for those,
Who wear the mark of Cain.

And yet the battle must be fought;
The victory be won;
The conquest of the worlds, the work
Of God's beloved son.

We favor to armistice,
We hear no compromise,
Our cross is here, tis' here we fight;
Our crown's beyond the skies.

The world holds up a flag of truce,
And to the church she cries:
"Let there be peace between us now."
"Amen" the church replies.

We'll help thee build a house for God:
Sublime beyond degree:
We'll meet and worship there because
Its for the world and me.

Our velvet cushioned seats shall make
The people rest at ease,
Our sermons shall be, all of hope
And everlasting peace.

Our ministers shall all be sent—
Sent by the world 'tis true,
But as we have to pay them rent,
They know what they must do.

The straight and narrow way to life,
Is not the way they tell,
Preach more about the heaven above,
And say much less of hell.

At last when death shall call you home
From this abode of sin,
Two sable horses with a hearse
Shall call and take you in.

A costly marble slab shall mark
The place we saw you last
And mourning friends shall wear their garb,
And weep as they go past.

Like Eve when satan praised the fruit,
The church stands listening near,

And weak-kneed members cry "amen"
We'll be your friends, sincere.

But these are not the church alas,
They love the world too well,
For those who love the world have not
Their Father's love to tell.

The church refused her flag of truce,
"Lay down your arms," she cried,
"We never shall capitulate,
On any terms beside."

"You offer more than you possess,
Or ever will by far,
Like satan when upon the mount,
Before the morning star.

An Incident of the Late War.

Old Father Owen, of Vermont,
Was father, husband, sire.
His wife, their son and daughter made
The circle round the fire.

But war destroyed their peace and rest,
The old man sent his son,
One only in his teens at best,
With knapsack and with gun.

One morning, like a dreaded ghost,
The news came flying by,
That Ben for sleeping at his post,
Had been condemned to die.

When Father Allen heard the news,
Which spread like burning fire.
He left the people in their pews
For the heart-broken sire.

They met and Father Owen finds
Some solace for his grief,
For sympathy in kindred minds,
Must needs be some relief.

The mother suffered less, it seemed,
At least she made no wails,
While on my observation gleamed,
The truth—her reason fails.

'Twas all the son we had to give,
His mother dear and I;
One day and night he has to live.
Then like a felon die.

A neighbor knocks and enters now,
A letter in his hand.
The father cannot break the seal,
But laid it on the stand.

He bowed to Father Allen, then,
As much as if he said:
"Please read and let us hear from Ben—
A letter from the dead."

"Dear father when this reaches you,
Your son will be no more.
I bid you now a long adieu,
Death haunts me at the door.

They will not bind me in disgrace,
That's when they shoot me, pa,
Nor blind my eyes, nor hide my face,
To execute the law.

My Colonel says, forgive your son,
He'd save me if he could.
I did the work of more than one,
All for my fellows good.

You know my comrade, Jimmy Green,
He got so weak and faint,
I took his baggage and canteen,
And uttered no complaint.

At night, that fatal night to me,
'Twas Jimmy's sentry night,

I kindly took his place, you see;
The Colonel said I might.

They say I slept; I don't deny;
'Twas but a moment though,
And now I am condemned to die
For simply doing so.

Pray comfort mother in her grief,
And sister Blossom, too;
And Heaven send you all relief,
And now, a long adieu.

A short reprieve was granted me,
I understand to-day,
To think of an eternity,
And give me time to pray."

When this to Blossom's ear was brought,
She with an iron will,
Soon left a note behind, and sought
The depot at the mill.

She told the kind conductor all,
Who aided in her plan,
Until she reached the Capitol,
Both day and night she ran.

She told her mission unto none,
Unless she wanted aid;
It made a friend of every one,
To help the little maid.

'Twas early in the morning when
Our father Abraham
Was at his table with his pen
To send a telegram.

The door was opened softly,
And the maiden entered in,
With folded hands and bashful look,
She dreaded to begin.

"Well, well my child," in cheery way,
The President began,
"What would you have so soon to-day?
Pray tell me if you can."

"My brother's life" she moaned. "Because
He listed in the war,
He slept, and therefore broke the laws,
That's what they shoot him for.

"I own, as everybody must,
You reason very clear,
But he betrayed a sacred trust,
When danger was so near,"

"That's what my father told me then,
And yet he had to do
His marching with the other men
And bear the load of two."

"Say, what is this you say of Ben?
I want to understand."
She gave him Bennie's letter then,
For it was in her hand.

He read it, then took up his pen,
And wrote a word or two.
He quickly rang the bell and then
Upon the wires it flew.

Then turning to the little one—
"Go home, my child," said he,

"Tell Pa his noble hearted son
Is precious unto me.

Or wait until to-morrow when
Your brother will be here.
And then you can go home with Ben
His saddened heart to cheer."

"God bless you," said the little miss,
And who will dare deny
God pardoned every sin of his,
And fit him for the sky.

Their journey home, their happy friends
Their joy tho' sown in tears.
I may not tell, my story ends,
But will not die for years.

The Presumptuous Schoolmaster.

The king was out to take his ride,
And breathe the morning air.
He passed the shepherds in their tents,
The flock was in its lair.

He saw the peasants at their toil,
The farmers at their plows;
And cheered the tillers of the soil,
And herdsmen with their cows.

He passed their school of higher grade
Where posted on the door,
In large italics was displayed—
"Source of all knowledge here."

"Away with such presumptuous men,
Their wisdom is not wise.
The many failings of their ken—
They labor to disguise.

And so he sent a message round
To let them know their doom,
That he three questions would propound,
When he again should come.

"How many baskets-full of earth
Is in yon mountain high?
Where is the center of the earth?
You must explain or die.

"The meditation of the king,
To make your wisdom out.
You must devine when he returns
And what he thinks about."

So when the teacher was apprised
Of all the king's demands,
"To him who saves my life," he cries,
"I'll give my house and lands."

He strewed his books upon the floor
And read by starts and fits,
And yet the king's demands were more
Than equal to his wits.

But Dick, a student of the class,
(They called him Dick the fool;)
Declared for teacher he would pass,
And answer for the school.

So when again the king returned,
He muttered a decree
That he, the champion of the learned
Should then before him be.

So Dick, with awkward step and mein,
And with his cap in hand,
Was soon presented to the king,
The ruler of the land.

"To test the merits of your worth
You boast your wisdom so,
How mang baskets full of earth
Can yonder mountain show?"

"O, that is very plain indeed,"
Replied the boy. You see

If one were only large enough,
But one there need to be.

"And should it be but half so large
Then two would quite contain
Its ponderous size and hold it all
And none would then remain."

"Well, now, the center of the earth
You must proceed to show,
There's many kings and crowned heads
Who would be glad to know."

"Then take a walk with me," said Dick,
"Into yon pasture bare."
Then thrust his staff into the ground
And said, "the place is there."

The king was angry, yet he saw
No chances to demur.
"So now he said, "explain my thoughts
And tell me what they are."

"You think you have the teacher here,
The founder of the school,
In this you are mistaken sir,
They call me 'Dick, the fool.'"

"I would not leave you now," said he,
"But 'tis my teacher's rule
To hear my class recite at three.
Good-by," said Dick the fool.

But if he got the teacher's land,
Or daughter for a wife,
The facts have never come to hand.
He saved the teacher's life.

How Long I Want to Live.

I want to live to see the day when all the
world is free,
From battle plague upon the land or navy
on the sea.
We have a noble work to do, let's rally to
the fray,
And fight the craven god of war, with love
and peace to-day.

Our work is in its embryo, and yet it has
its fruits,
From every noble power on earth we num-
ber our recruits.
Our army is immutable, our king the Prince
of Peace,
We wage a holy war on war, then, where-
fore should we cease?

He teaches, too, our hands to war, our fin-
gers how to fight,
Our sword is not a carnal one—we battle
for the right.
'Tis not with a confused noise and garments
rolled in blood,
Nor by the puny arm of man, but by the
power of God.

Our banner has no stripes of red, and yet it
has its gem,
One star is all that decks our flag, the star
of Bethlehem.
'Tis woven from the top throughout, 'tis
made without a seam,
The Medes and Persian laws of old were
never so supreme.

The Father of the fatherless, the widow's husband cries,
"Forbear, ye naughty sons of men, to multiply their sighs."
But if I fail to reach your hearts, I'll touch your pockets, then
As vampires rob our veins of blood, war makes poorer men.

The duties on our foreign goods, and what we eat and wear,
Are millions of our treasures lost to feed the god of war.
There was a time we went to war, both on the land and sea,
We'd rather have a war than pay a duty on our tea.

And all the wars we ever had were gendered in that deed.
We harvested the crop of which our fathers sowed the seed.
The last, but not the least of all, we'er bending under yet,
Our wooden legs and empty sleeves forbid that we forget.

But now enough of what is past, in future tongue and pen,
Shall be exerted to the last to plead for peace, Amen.

The Blind Boy, E. R.

We thought thy manly face and form
Would last through many a battle's storm.
Alas! how soon
A cloud of darkness dimmed thine eye;
Thy sun whose brightness shone so high
Went down at noon.

We saw thy cautious step each day
And wept to see thee feel thy way;
But not in vain,
For He, the friend of humankind,
Wills not his children should be blind
Who heaven gain.

Upon thy pallid cheek was shown
That death had marked thee for his own.
Why shouldst thou stay?
Why in this world of darkness pine
When light awaits those eyes of thine
In endless day?

Since trouble is the lot of men,
We would not have thee back again
To suffer more;
But may we daily seek to stand
Heir to that holy, happy land--
The other shore.

Bangs.

There's a maid in the parlor to-night,
This her song and the organ declare,
Though her jewels and diamonds are bright,
Her bangs made a bung in her hair.

While ma makes the coffee and bread,
She dusts off the mantle with care,
And sees that canary is fed,
And bangs at the bungs in her hair.

She moves with a shelf on her back,
Like camels with burdens to bear;
Alas, for the man on her track,
If he bangs at the bungs in her hair.

The jewels of greatest renown,
And diamonds the richest and rare,
Are noble young ladies in town
Discarding the bangs in the hair.

Her skill in the duties of life,
Her pantry and larder declare,
Thus fitted to wed as a wife,
Will never wear bangs in hair.

Temperance Alphabet.

A is for adder: it lives in the cup,
B, like a Bachanal, drinketh it up.
C is the crazy old toper it makes,
D is the demijon, hissing with snakes.
E is the eyes grown so red with its wine,
F is the feeble it makes to repine;
G is the goblin that haunts him at last,
H is the hissing of serpents aghast.
I is for ink not so black as their sin,
J is the journey such people are in.
K is the keeper of fire in the jug,
L likes it better if poured in a mug.
M is the man down the lowest of all,
N never wanted his brother to fall.
O is the owner of poison to sell,
P made a purchase that sent him to hell.
Q is the queen of some doggery hole,
R is the ruined one, body and soul.
S is the sin of the vender of rum,
T sells tobacco to fools when they come.
U is the urchin that loves his cigars,
V vowed to smoke you all out of the cars.
W wanted to finger the pie,
X did the same and yet neither would try.
Y is the yeast, its the bitter of ale,
Z is the last and the end of my tale.

Epitaph on Time.

When time was young and men were
stronger,
Our time was meted out much longer.
But now our years are less in number,
Time keeps the count and will not slumber.
Old books, old men, old stoves and tables,
O'd houses, barns with leaning gables,
With these monitions often crowd us.
The time is short that's been allowed us.
Old time marks everything it touches,
Brings fleetest feet unto the crutches.
The listning ear and eye of beauty,
Time robs of power to do their duty.
But time, old time thy end is coming!
Thy power to conquer so benumbing.
Thy thousands slain shall rise above thee
And all thy lovers cease to love thee.
When conquered millions prove the stronger
And time declared to be no longer,
With voice like that of seven thunders,
The Angel shall perform his wonders.
That time from off the earth shall sever,
Will swear by him that lives forever.
Go, take the mummies' places, madam,
Thou hast no more to do with Adam.

The Iron Horse.

"Say, what unearthly sound is this?
What can it be, I wonder?
The mammoth race is now extinct
And yet it is not thunder.

"The lion's roar is quite eclipsed,
No voice like this can utter,
The crater of the volcano
Such measures never mutter."

"It is the iron horse, my son;
A stronger race and quicker,
And that unseemly noise we heard
Was nothing but its whicker.

"I saw him pass the other day,
Five hundred men pursued him;
And many little girls and boys
Came running up and viewed him."

"I wonder, father, what he eats?
And how they fix to feed him?
Say, do they give him corn and oats,
And work him when they need him?"

"No. Wood and stone are all his feed,
And all his drink is water:
Yet ne'er was seen more metal'd steed
By any son or daughter.

"He's death when he gets after cows.
Before, he wears a catcher;
And when his master's will allows,
He's nearly sure to fetch her.

"Success to such a fiery horse:
But this shall be our bicker—
That men who feed and trim them up
Should learn them how to whicker.

"From California to Maine,
His march is blent with thunder;
The buffaloes upon the plain
Hold up their heads in wonder.

"And as we follow on his trail,
Just hold your breath a minute;
We'er in a most unhallowed vale,
We may not tarry in it.

"But shut your eyes and stop your ears,
And barter not with any;
But spurn alike their hopes and fears,
For Brigham's sins are many.

"He never ought to stop at all
To either wood or water;
Much less to answer to the call
Of either son or daughter."

The Show.

The show in our town was a perfect success,
As to what an outsider can know;
But what was within it I only can guess,
For I never went into the show.

The elephant, when they paraded the street,
And camel both went in a row,
Inviting the people they happened to meet,
To come and go into the show.

They came in the morning before it was light,
A biped, but not in its cage;
The danger was great, for, behold, it was night,
And the creature was found in a rage.

Alarm was then given by tolling the bells,
With many forebodings of fire;
And now every moment the multitude swells
With smothered emotions of ire.

No flame was consuming a house or a home,
No leopard, no lion or bear,
Was loose in the village at pleasure to roam—
What then could it be that was there?

This biped, more dreaded than fire that devours,
Or bloody wild beasts in their prey,
Had come to this peaceable village of ours,
And here was determined to stay.

And keep a saloon with his whiskey to sell,
And poison our sons by the score.
The day would not answer his purpose so well,
So he came in the night with his store.

We met him and showed him the grade of our grit—
We warned him before not to come—
And we very soon taught him to get up and git,
With his whiskey and brandy and rum.

And now if he ever comes back with his whim,
Since once he concluded to slope,
We'll hang him in effigy fast to a limb,
With six or eight feet of a rope.

Filthy Lucre.

Croesus and Diogenes with all who lived
between,
Have never shown the power of pelf to
make a life serene.
Of filthy lucre just how much to make us
wise and good,
Or how much less would aid us more to live
as people should.
Grief-stricken men who crowd our courts
a discontentented crew,
Seek living things among the dead and then
confess it too.
Like some poor silly sitting goose without
a single egg,
For weeks will try to hatch a cob and will
not move a peg.
See yonder picture of dispair, his usury, his
sin,
Too high he loaned his money out and can-
not get it in.
Again, the man that cannot pay is sorrow-
stricken too,
One had too little, one too much: what
must the people do?
One lost a noble herd of swine because they
made a smell.
His neighbor was not satisfied but ran to
town to tell.

Another man had sold a dram. That's
mighty bad I know,
But as they could not prove it up they had
to let him go.
And worst of all some naughty boys had
been to church to play,
And had to come to town to learn how much
they had to pay.
The big fat man they called the Court, look-
ed cheerful, kind and free,
But when he knits his brows you're glad
you're not in custody.
One thing I learn: Its very clear if all the
point I make,
Men swear and lie and go to law for filthy
lucre's sake.

Trials.

Some people now would have me write
  Some token of respect—
Some means by which they might indite
  Their sorrow or neglect.

For it is quite a happy thought
  That persons of our kind,
When into rhyme and numbers brought
  Are all the more refined.

Then let us bring our troubles up;
  I speak to such as will.
Come near with every bitter cup
  And pour it on the still.

There's not a man in town, or out
  Who stops to eat his cheese
Who dares to entertain a doubt
  It's better for the squeeze.

The fragrance of the garden bed
  Thrice doubles its perfume,
If some unlucky foot should tread
  Upon its dainty bloom.

The treasures of the ocean bed,
  Or jewels of the mine,
Pass through the fire to burn the lead
  And make their beauties shine.

Some pine for want of condolence,
When early made to mourn,
The loss of dearest friend on earth
Who never can return.

But men, the noblest of our race,
This solemn lesson learn,
We find no safe abiding place
Till we are made to mourn.

The surest antidote for pride
Makes haughty children weep.
The tallest trees we e'r espied
Were planted in the deep.

Proud Haman's gallows built so high,
For humble Mordicai,
Soon hung the former up to die:
The other went his way.

And every humble stricken soul,
Like Mordicai at last,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Had perils in the past.

God vindicates some children here,
Some in the world to come;
But all who learn his name to fear,
Shall find a better home.

Beware of Dogs.

They bark and growl and show their teeth
and otherwise excite you,
While some are only hypocrites—they make
believe they'll bite you.
Some have a latent power for ill and some
an intuition,
While others from their masters take their
evil disposition.
Let swamps of Florida proclaim how dogs
unite in battle,
And drain the blood of fugitives, as butchers
do their cattle.
The bugle notes of other days no more shall
call or summon
This bloody beast to chase and tear some
poor defenseless woman.
Unless some future Jezebel should close her
life in evil,
And give her body to the dogs—her soul
unto the devil.
Unless some prophecy of blood, of which I
know not any,
Requires the dogs to lick it up—we do not
need so many.
The poodle dog with dirty feet, no doubt a
constant lover;
But why the ladies fondle them I never
could discover.
The poor man's dogs, or bodyguard, look
like their bones would rattle,
Reminding you of Pharaoh's dream about
the starving cattle.

Beware of dogs! This caution comes to
warn us of our danger
Of biped dogs that snarl and bite and lie
within the manger.
Sometimes they wear the blandest smile
and strain their wits to please you,
Till having won the citadel they turn about
and seize you.
Like Cortez, when at Mexico, his wickedness
was witty
With culminated perfidy he took the Silver
City.
Or Joab, when he killed a man because he
killed his brother,
Or, Nero, who, without a cause, rose up and
killed his mother.
But most of all when Judas-like they sell
the Lord of glory,
And then betray him with a kiss—so ends
the painful story.

Parody on "The Spider and the Fly."

"Will you come behind my curtain?"
Said the keeper at the bar;
"I'm glad to have your company,
No matter who you are.

"My boys are such a cheerful lot,
They drive away dull care;
I'll show you round my cosy home
And up my winding stair."

"Yes, in they go but don't come out:
I've heard of you before."
"O, yes they do, I always let
Them out at my back door.

"I'm sure you must be weary,
And besides, the day is chill;
As the weather is so dreary,
Take the glass that I shall fill.

"My curtains hide the lookers-on;
Those passing cannot see;
Though Crœsus was so very rich,
You'll soon feel rich as he."

"I like your fire, but not your cups:
So when I'm warm I'll go;
You're rich in downs, but not in ups,
In fights, and rags and woe."

So bidding him 'good morning' then
The passer made a bow,
And left this Nero in his den
To raise a drunken row.

The keeper turned himself about,
As lions in their den,
For well he knew the silly boy
Would soon come back again.

When civil people slept at home,
And darkness covered all,
This boy went out again to roam
And make another call.

He reasoned with the tempter,
And forgot his mother's prayer;
He drank the fatal poison,
And went up the winding stair.

Went up, but to come down at last;
We need not tell you how;
A rope was noosed about his neck,
A cap upon his brow.

Lost Jimmy.

Northwestern winds, that bode of snow,
In chill November's din,
Athwart the canyons come and go,
Though quiet reigns within.

When Jimmy with his ma and pa,
A child six summers old,
Enjoyed a play upon the hay,
And love unites the fold.

With cousins three, upon the lea,
They much of pleasure find,
But when returned—Alas, they learned
Poor Jim was left behind.

"Oh, where is Jim?" the mother cries,
"Where did you leave the child?"
They learned at cost, the child was lost,
And roaming o'er the wild.

The night was drawing on apace,
While neighbors near and far,
Each with a pallor stricken face,
Are searching here and there.

"Oh, Jimmy!" was the tocsin sound,
Of that dark night of woe,
With naught, but echo, in response,
To guide them as they go.

The wolf, the deer, or fox escape,
Or leave their lair at cost,
To seek some safer hiding place.
Alas—a child is lost.

They send one hundred miles by rail,
To bring a dog to scent,
And aid the men to find the trail,
That little Jimmy went.

And day by day, till seven sped,
Two hundred men or more,
By fifties, were by captains led,
And yet no tidings bore.

At length a signal gun did sound,
And many shots replied;
It told of Jimmy's body, found,
And place where Jimmy died—

No mother near to shed a tear,
Or cup of water give,
He on his side laid down and died,
May he in heaven live.

Two Reports.

Two reports go out to-day
About my friend and neighbor.
A sinful act, a righteous deed,
Sets gossip tongues to labor.

They herald all the bad reports
In village, town or city—
In lowest places of resorts,
But ne'er a word of pity.

His good report is shorn of wing,
And tardy tongues proclaim it;
'Tis thought an unimportant thing
And so they scarcely name it.

A Visit to Marion.

Written in 1870.

I went to-day my tax to pay
Down at the county town:
The crowd was great I had to wait,
And so I sat me down.

And many would not bide their turn,
But crowded to the door,
Alas! men do not manners learn
As forty years before.

My duty done I leave the place,
And promenade the street.
Alas! I do not know the face
Of any that I meet.

I see a man of age and care,
His body bending o'er;
His parents doted on this heir
Full forty years before.

So many mansions standing here,
That I behold to-day;
I wonder if the carpenter
And masons got their pay.

They stand a living monument
Of architect and lore,
But where have all the people went
Of forty years before?

A few elude the sickle yet,
  But gleaners come apace,
For close upon our track is set
  The reaper of our race.

'Twas here I used to sell my furs,
  At Sam McClure's store;
The squaw was there to barter hers,
  But she is there no more.

I seek the flowing stream beside,
  As in the days of yore,
For its pellucid waters glide
  As forty years before.

We love our river, rocks and shoals,
  Its placid waters flow;
Our morning walks and evening strolls
  Invite us there to go.

Its gravel beds and banks and springs,
  With all its lovely shore,
Have been the same unchanging things,
  For forty years and more.

The future is a mystery.
  The Prophet's tongue is dumb,
And who can read its history
  In forty years to come.

But twenty years have passed away,
  And what we wrote before,
Proves Marion has come to stay,
  A thousand years or more.

The Private Citizen or Uncle Sam.

I waited long to hear a song,
And now have come unto it.
I would not praise my work and ways
If some one else would do it.

The praise of kings the poets sings,
Or president or sages,
Have grown too old by being told
For centuries or ages.

In all the forts that dot our shores
Atlantic or Pacific,
From Gulf unto the Northern Lakes
My title is specific.

Nay, more: tho' fools may shake heir head,
And some may call me silly,
The flag of stars and stripes is mine
And all its grand flotilla.

I have command of western land,
On which my children settle:
Its rich in soil, perhaps in oil,
Its rich in precious metal.

My servants be from sea to sea,
While some men have not any.
It would be kind if they resigned—
I do not need so many.

The few I need I'll clothe and feed,
  The rest may play the ditcher.
My servants rob by purse and fob
  And daily grow the richer.

'Tis my intent that they repent
  Before some sad disaster
Should make them mourn before my throne
  And me their lord and master.

I delve and toil to till the soil,
  Economize with vigor,
While every day brings less of pay
  And makes their wages bigger.

This day and hour my sovereign power
  Shall waken from its slumber:
I shall unite my men of might
  And conquer by our number.

Because, I ween, we do not mean
  An office for a mountain.
It does not seem a brook or stream
  If higher than its fountain.

If Uncle Sam is not a sham
  His servants wear the breeches,
While he, in rags and cotton bags,
  To live must dig the ditches.

A Night of Peril.

Last night I lay me down to rest;
My weary limbs were aching.
And with the summer's heat oppressed
This revery was making.

I am no pugilist and yet
I do confess in writing,
In attitude I had to get
For running or for fighting.

Fleas and musquitos found the place
To which I'd been retreating,
And then without a word of grace
Declared me good for eating.

They sang a most exquisite song,
But I was not enchanted;
They made the chorus loud and long,
As if the house was haunted.

Their tune was such a doleful thud
I thought what could be sadder,
As each one begged one drop of blood
With which to fill his bladder.

Must I capitulate and let
Them come and have their supper?—
The fleas possess the under side,
Musquitos have the upper.

I tried a stratagem; by far
Too much my ruse was shoddy,
I tried to raise a civil war,
Or fight about my body.

I told the fleas that I had heard
Musquitos call them pigmy,
And why they did not fly avered
To them was an enigma.

I turned to the musquitos for
My ruse was to excite them.
Said I, "The fleas are making war,
If I were you I'd fight them."

But, lo! I made no quarrel yet,
They showed no sign of fighting,
No grudges had they to forget—
Their business was back-biting.

I get this moral, late 'tis true,
But better late than never;
If people harm or slander you,
Go on the same as ever.

For Sale.

My wood is on the market right away—
It's hickory, beach and ash—they call it gray—
Not made of limbs, and trash: its real dry;
Yes, hickory, beech and ash; who wants to buy?
My saw-buck and my buck-saw both may go.
For many years I served them, bending low,
And now my friends adjure me on the street,
To straiten up again, each time we meet.
But no! alas! for me it came too late;
For neither gas nor rest could make me straight.
My wood-box and my shovel will be sold
And terms of sale will on the day be told.
My ash-box and my poker cannot stay,
I'll give you them to take them both away.
The product of the sale will cover all
And turn my wood house to a parlor hall,
And this bay window which, thank God is ours,
In winter's winds we'll decorate with flowers;
But not a day will be allowed to pass
Forgetful of the one who gave us gas.

Ode to Adam.

May one unerring present law
My pencil guide,
To show my fellow men a flaw
I dare not hide.
Thy children charge the curse of sin
On thee alone;
No other cause but Satan's gin
Was ever shown.
Although thy parentage was good
No mother's prayer
Was heard, in all that solitude,
To rend the air;
Before thee, on the sea of Time
None ever wrecked,
Or knew, by precedented crime,
What to expect.
One sin was thine, thy children claim,
One bad mistake—
One curse upon thy children's name
Too strong to break.
When our condition may be seen
To be at par,
It matters less what we have been
That what we are.

Go ask the One whose record shows
Our many crimes.
That we have sinned Jehovah knows,
A thousand times.
Our second Adam paid our debt
And set us free.
There is a hope for sinners yet
Like you and me:
Let us secure the proffer'd aid
While now we may;
It may be it cannot be made
Some other day.

Convention, Indianapolis, May 30.

Whence came this mighty throng and why
Such gladness beaming in the eye?
Hark! don't you hear the battle cry,
Surrender!

Ye men of broad Atlantic's shore
Why pass the Alleghanies o'er
With voices crying on before—
Surrender?

Ye men of the Pacific slope
With faces beaming bright with hope
Let's cry, while with the demon cope,
Surrender!

Ye giants of the northern lake
What brought you here but conscience sake?
While this one great demand we make,
Surrender.

Ye brothers of a warmer clime
How well you guessed the place and time
When preconcerted voices chime,
Surrender.

INDEX.

My Book..... 5
Progress of Civilization..... 7
Still There's More to Follow..... 10
A Wish..... 11
A Retrospect..... 13
An Honest Man..... 16
The Way the Poet Popped the Question..... 17
A Legend of a Woodman..... 18
The Crazy Nigger..... 21
Waiting 23
Poor Timothy's Experience..... 24
King Henry's Wedding..... 25
The Carpet Bagger..... 28
The Pirate..... 30
A Stray Thought..... 33
Nebraska Plowing..... 35
Move Up a Little, Jonathan..... 36
Temptation—Salvation..... 38
A Nebraska Town..... 40
The Poet's Moods and Tenses..... 42
My Birthday..... 43
Hast Thou Heard What Backsliding Israel Has Done?..... 44
The Robin..... 46
Little Billy; or Nixon Winslow's Mule 47
Jonah 48
Caleb's Daughter..... 50
Jones' Cow..... 51
Decoration Day..... 52

The Girl In Her Calico Dress..... 54
The Whip-Poor-Will..... 56
Up Higher..... 57
Down Lower..... 60
The Mission of Peter and John..... 62
The Tourist..... 64
Come to My Sanctum Sanctorum..... 69
King Cetewayo of Zulu..... 70
A Battle Field..... 72
Search for the North Pole..... 75
On the Fourth of July..... 79
Charge of Murder..... 81
The Dove..... 84
Secrecy..... 86
The Unseen..... 89
A Story From the American First Class Book..... 92
The Home of My Childhood..... 94
The Mother and Her Dead Lamb..... 96
Liars..... 97
When I Am Dead..... 99
Harvesting..... 102
The Bicycle..... 104
Jephthah..... 105
Chewing Gum..... 106
Tilda Fisher..... 108
Keep Your Word With Children..... 111
The Morning..... 113
Lines on the Reading of Moore's Lalla Rookh..... 115
Mountain Meadow Massacre..... 116
Night Thoughts..... 120
Old Mose..... 122
The Drunken Switch Tender..... 123
Beware..... 125
I Dreamed..... 126
What Is a Gambler, Pa?..... 127
By the Rivers of Babylon..... 128
The Noble Basket Maker..... 129

Will Roberts..... 131
A Gift..... 132
Whittier..... 133
On the Fugative Slave Law..... 135
The Kansas Blizzard..... 137
The Whittler..... 139
Ben Franklin's Visit..... 141
The Bow In the Cloud..... 143
Fairmount..... 145
War..... 147
Smokers..... 149
Endless Misery..... 151
The Parson's "We."..... 154
Better Keep a Day Book..... 155
The Church and the World..... 157
An Incident of the Late War..... 160
The Presumptuous Schoolmaster..... 165
How Long I Want to Live..... 168
The Blind Boy, E. R..... 170
Bangs..... 171
Temperance Alphabet..... 172
Epitaph on Time..... 173
The Iron Horse..... 174
The Show..... 176
Filthy Lucre..... 178
Trials..... 180
Beware of Dogs..... 182
Parody on "The Spider and the Fly."..... 184
Lost Jimmy..... 186
Two Reports..... 188
A Visit to Marion..... 189
The Private Citizen or Uncle Sam..... 191
A Night of Peril..... 193
For Sale..... 195
Ode to Adam..... 196
Convention, Indianapolis, May 30..... 198
Fisk..... 200
A Voice From Under Ground..... 201
Dedication..... 203

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 256 247 2